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ARNOLD;

OR

THE BRITISH SPY!

CHAPTER I.

THE disk of the setting sun just touched the outline of the forests crowning the heights of Hoboken, on a bright afternoon in September, 1780, when a single horseman made his appearance on the river-road leading from Tarry Town to New York, towards which place, then in the possession of the British troops under Sir Henry Clinton, he was slowly trotting his horse. His journey was nearly ended with the day, for the needle-like spire of Trinity Church had been for the last half hour, a prominent object in his eye, and the expanded bay, girt with its majestic islands, and covered with the fleets of England, assured him that he was approaching the head quarters of the British armies.

He rode slowly along, with his arms folded across his breast, and the reins dropped carelessly over the neck of his large brown horse, who stumbled and floundered over the rough road, as if he had been ridden fast and far. The horseman was a heavily framed man, with a dark countenance, rendered still darker by thick brows and whiskers. His face wore an expression of dogged resolution and reckless daring. His costume was partly that of a yeoman, partly military—a fustian frock, buttoned to the throat, and reaching to the stirrup, and a broad flapping hat that he wore—belonging to the class of yeoman-

ry, and a leathern belt stuck with a brace of pistols, and sustaining a serviceable broad sword, with stout buff, buck-skin breeches, somewhat darkened by long service—appertaining to the last profession. He appeared lost in thought, and indifferent to surrounding objects; but the alert and wary movements of his eyes, and, what a closer scrutiny discovered, one hand of his folded arms resting on the butt of a pistol, and the other grasping the hilt of his broadsword, showed that he was on watch for sudden danger, and prepared to meet it.

He had just gained the brow of a gentle declivity, over which the road wound, from whence there was a view of the town, and from which the broad banner of England, floating above the quarters of General Clinton, was in full sight, when the sun dipped beneath the horizon; at the same instant the report of the sunset gun fired from the Battery, reached his ears—the flags on fort and shipping descended from their staffs, and over the fortified town, night and watchfulness took the place of day and security. The horseman now gathered the reins in his huge brown fist, settled himself into his saddle, and muttering in a sort of subdued growl:

‘Come, Bruin, we have loitered full long—stir! stir! a measure of corn and a cup of sack await us at the inn; so, forward!’

He applied, as he spoke, both spur and whip the sides of his beast, who, forthwith, throw-

gentleman in the uniform of a British Admiral, who was seated opposite to him.

'I have my suspicions, Rodney; but until the arrival of the letters to destroy or confirm them, I will not injure the fair fame even of a foe, by whispering them.'

At this instant, a slave, in a livery of silver and green, entered the room with coffee, when, through the half-open door, a noise came from the street, of voices in uproarious altercation.

'What's the disturbance without, there, Nero?' demanded Sir Henry Clinton, half rising from the table.

'Ony de press gang, mass! Dey cotch big rebel at black Sam's—he no want to go 'board ship, mas' Rodney—so um yell litty bit—dat's all, mass Kuyhoos'um.'

'I was afraid, General Kuyphausen,' said Clinton, resuming his seat, and addressing a stout corpulent officer, with stiff, white hair, highly powdered, wearing the uniform of a foreigner of high military rank—'I was afraid your thick-skulled Germans and my English guards were at loggerheads again. Hark! what is that?'

'To the main-yard with him! Drag him to the Sugar-House! Give him a berth in the Old Jersey!' mingled with the clashing of weapons, came loudly from the street.

'It is time for me to interfere,' said Clinton, rising and advancing through the hall, followed by the others. 'They have a harder case than common to deal with; and I fear, notwithstanding my strict orders, blood will be shed in their anxiety to secure him.'

When they reached the door, they saw, by the light of the lamps, a gigantic fellow, with his back planted against the iron railing enclosing the equestrian statue of the King, defending himself with a huge broadsword, from the assault of half a dozen men in blue coats and cockades, who were thrusting at him with swords, but unable, from the circling sweep of his powerful weapon, with which he kept clear a wide space around him, to get near enough to use them with effect.

'Hold, men!' cried General Clinton, as the leader of the assailants drew a pistol, and was levelling it at the man's breast, swearing he would put an end to the contest. 'Put

up your pistol, captain of the gang—and you fellow, give your weapon to the captain of the guard.'

'If he will have it let him take it,' said the man, menacingly. 'I am protected by a fair passport, and was quietly on my way from the inn where I put up, to these quarters, when these skulking chaps followed, and set upon me here; and by——if they haven't had a taste of my quality by this time, perhaps they'd like to trouble me again.'

'Advance, corporal of the guard, and secure him,' said General Clinton sternly.

'Charge bayonets! Forward-march!' cried the subaltern, who, on the first alarm, had turned out his command. The press gang opened to either side, and left our quondam horseman exposed to the bristling row of bayonets that advanced upon, and enclosed him.

'Surrender!' cried the sergeant of the guard.

'I am an American citizen—the bearer of a message to General Clinton, and am protected by his passport. Lay a finger on me at your peril.' As he spoke, he drew a pistol from his belt, and cocked and levelled it at the head of the corporal.

'Ha, says he?' exclaimed Sir Henry Clinton, hearing his words, and turning to Sir George Rodney; 'our man, by haliden. Stand back, corporal. Fellow, I am General Clinton. If you are the bearer of papers to me, come forward and deliver them. First resign your weapons.'

The man advanced, gave up his pistols and sword, and, taking his passport, gave it to the general, who, after glancing at it said—

'It is as I thought. Follow me.'

CHAPTER III.

ACCOMPANIED by the other gentlemen, and followed by the messenger, Sir Henry Clinton led the way to the apartment he had left, when, closing the door, and satisfying himself that he was secure from interruption, he turned to the man, and demanded the letters of which he was the bearer. Unbuckling his belt, he touched a concealed spring in the

end of his empty scabbard, when the steel dropped to the ground. Taking it up, he drew from it three rolls of thin Indian paper addressed to Sir Henry Clinton, and gave them to him.

After rapidly glancing over the contents, the British general energetically struck the table. 'Gentlemen, it turns out as I anticipated. My secret correspondence ———. You may leave the room, 'trusty Jack Smithson,' as I see it is on the back of letters. Ho! without there. Markham, take Mr. Smithson under your care 'till I want him again, and see that he neither leaves the house, nor has communication with any one.'

The captain of the guard received his charge, and retired.

'It is as I thought, continued Sir Henry Clinton—'General Arnold is my correspondent.'

'Arnold!' exclaimed the others, simultaneously.

'Arnold, and none other—and on this supposition have I so long kept up the correspondence. We will now examine these letters. Here is one endorsed—'Important and strictly private.' Breaking the seal, he rapidly ran his eyes over it; his features, as he read, lighting up with animation. Suddenly rising, he said with energy, 'This affair has got to assume a magnitude and importance I had not anticipated. This morning General Arnold took the command at West Point.'

'At West Point,' repeated Rodney, with surprise.

'Then is it ours,' said General Kuyphausen, shivering his glass on the board, in the animation of the moment.

'Listen to his proposal. He makes me a direct offer to surrender himself, West Point, and its dependencies, with all the military stores and provisions—cannon, vessels, and flotillas, in such a manner as to contribute every advantage to His Majesty's arms, and the safety of our men. Now, gentlemen, are we in the way to pluck the fruit so long ripening.'

'There is, indeed, an opening for a successful operation, that claims our most assiduous care,' said Sir George Rodney. 'West Point appears to me an object of such

vast importance, that no hazard or expense ought to be weighed against it. It will give us control of the Hudson from the sea to its source, facilitate our intercourse with the northern army, and be a barrier to the intercourse between New-England and the States of Jersey, New-York and Pennsylvania.'

'And also, what is of equal importance,' said General Kuyphausen; 'it will terrange de plan of the combined armies and fleet of the French and the Americans, in their contemplated attack on this city of New York.'

'West Point must be ours, gentlemen,' said General Clinton decidedly. 'From its peculiar position and strength, it is the Gibraltar of this rebel country, and must be taken, before we can get a permanent foothold in America. Its possession offers to us all the advantages you have named. But on the ground alone of defeating the projected attack on New York, it becomes us to pursue any plan that will place it in our hands. Not only will its capture serve to defeat the project of a combined attack, but, by cutting off their supplies, produce disaffection, and, ultimate desertion in the ranks of the rebels, and to excite discontent among the French allies. It will be of incalculable advantage to the service, and crown the campaign with triumphant success. Let us now see what further this traitor-general has to say. He is no stickler, but comes out with a clean breast. Ho! here is the whole gist of the matter.—Hea, gentlemen!' reading from the paper in his hand. 'I wish you to send some one in your confidence, (I should prefer Major Andre, and, indeed, do not desire to negotiate with any one else, as I deem him the most befitting person,) fully authorised by your house to confer with me, and the risks and profits of the copartnership may be clearly understood. A speculation might, at this time, be made to some advantage, with ready money.' 'Bah! this, then, is the way the wind blows.'

'Sent to him, General, von pag of monies to pay West Point.'

'So Arnold has a mercenary, as well as a revengeful motive in this treason,' said Rodney with some surprise.

'I am told his extravagant style of living

embarrassments, that he has resorted to shifts, as trustee of public funds, that have laid him open to suspicion, and lost him the confidence of Congress; the first intimation of the displeasure of which, was conveyed to him by the promotion of five major-generals over his head. A brave officer he certainly is; but no excess of physical courage can atone for the want of moral principle, of which he seems entirely destitute. He is proud, vain, hasty of speech, with many private vices, which he has vainly hoped to gloss over by the brilliancy of military career. In this he has been unsuccessful, and his elevated rank, only, makes the more conspicuous the man's private actions. Smarting under mortification, disgust, and the stings of wounded self-love, he has determined to avenge his real or fancied wrongs on his country, and has resolved to offer her up as a sacrifice to his injured pride. He accordingly wrote to me under the signature of 'Gustavus,' assuming, as you have just seen in the paragraph I read to you, the character of a merchant. This was eighteen months ago. The correspondence had continued for a twelve month, before I could arrive at any probability as to who he might be. At length, being confident, from the accuracy and importance of his information, that he must be of high rank, and a member of Washington's councils of war, I began to make myself acquainted with the characters of the American generals, and investigate their histories, to discover what sufficient causes of dissatisfaction existed, to induce any one of them to turn traitor to his country. My suspicions, from obvious reasons, rested on General Arnold, and we now see that they are confirmed. It is gold the gentleman wants, and it must not be withheld, for it is plain he will not stir a step without being paid for it. I must send Andre to close the 'bargain' with him, forthwith.'

'But,' said Admiral Rodney, 'how shall we be able to take advantage of this man's treason? We cannot plan an expedition to take possession of West Point in secret, and Washington will be prompt to defeat any scheme for which we make open preparations.'

have long contemplated, with the aid of your fleet, an expedition to the Chesapeake. This will be a good mask to cover our real designs. Under this feint, we must prepare for a sudden movement up the Hudson.'

'Admirable. I second it with all my heart,' exclaimed Rodney.

'Tish ver' exshellant. Ve vill take te repel vort now, Sir Shorge ant Sir Hen-ree.'

A little more conversation followed, in which the steps to be taken for bringing the important affair to a crisis, were settled; the messenger was then called in and dismissed with letters to Arnold, when the two gentlemen took their departure, to make preparations for the contemplated movement against West Point, and promptly second the treachery of its commander.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT three o'clock the following afternoon, a sloop of war got under weigh in the harbor of New York, and spreading sail after sail, stood boldly up the Hudson. As night approached she entered the Highlands, and came to an anchor off Verplank's Point, and within range of an American battery thrown up on the head land.

Her progress up the river had been watched by spectators on shore with apprehension not unmingled with curiosity. But as she stood standing on her course without manifesting any hostile purpose, apparently for the purpose of opening a treaty with Washington, and was suffered to pass the several batteries that lined the shore without being fired into.

After she had swung round to her anchor, and her sails were furled and a double watch set, two gentlemen came on deck, from which, with night-glasses they began carefully to reconnoitre the land. One of them was in the uniform of an English Naval Captain, and was the commander of the vessel. The other was a handsome young man, with noble features, a manly and elegant

person, reined by an air of great self-control. He was dressed as a British Army officer, and his bearing was marked by the frankness of the soldier, tempered with the courtesy of an accomplished gentleman.—While his companion constantly kept the glass to his eye, in the direction of the western shore, he paced the deck with an impatient step. At length he paused for an instant to glance landward, and exclaimed in a dispassionate tone:

‘No boat yet, Captain? The night is advancing.’

‘Nothing in sight but a brace of rebel barges, they are lying off and on, to prevent us communicating with the shore. They suspect us strongly of being here on mischief, and the good dames inland, doubtless tremble for their poultry and dairies.’

‘A boat!’ cried the young officer, who, while the Captain was speaking, had placed the glass to his eye. ‘It is putting towards the ship. Ah! By Heaven! all is lost! The guard-boat has challenged and detained it! No, they are permitted to pass, and are rapidly approaching. It must be him we seek! I will receive him in your state-room, Sutherland. I have some papers to prepare beforehand, and I will leave to you the honor of ushering the gentleman below.’

The officer had left the deck but a few minutes, when the watch on the fore-castle suddenly sung out in a rough stern voice, ‘Boat ahoy!’

‘Hulloa!’ was the distant reply, in a voice equally hoarse.

‘What boat is that?’

‘Ferry-boat!’

‘Is this the way you come athwart His Majesty’s hawser?’ growled the officer of the watch.

‘Order that boat along side!’ said the captain advancing to the gangway.

‘Ay, ay, sir.’

The boat was pulled alertly along side, and a man stepped from her and ascended the side.

‘Which is Mr. John Anderson,’ he asked in a bold, swaggering manner.

‘If you have business with any one on board the Vulture, you bear some token from him

rogating.

‘West Point,’ said the man in a subdued tone.

‘Tis right. Follow me below.’

‘Where is Gen—— the principal?’ exclaimed the young officer, on seeing a rough, gigantic fellow, enter the cabin behind his friend.

‘On shore,’ said Smithson, gruffly, ‘and bade me give you this letter, if you be Mr. John Anderson.’

‘Give it me!’ he said taking it from his hesitating hold and tearing it open. ‘This will be delivered to you,’ he read, ‘by Smithson, who will take you to a retired place on shore, where with perfect safety to yourself, we can confer together on the matters touching your mission to the Highlands. GUSTAVUS.’

‘Leave the ship! By —— no, Andre,’ said the Captain; ‘I allow no soul on board the Vulture to put foot on rebel soil. If this General wants to see you, he must come here.’

‘That he was to meet me on board, I certainly understood from his letter to Sir Henry,’ said Andre; ‘but if he fears to trust his person with us, I see no alternative but to do as he desires.’

‘Not if Henry Sutherland can help it shall you have any thing to do with his proposition. If you are caught on shore, they’ll hang you as sure as the devil. No, no. ’Twill never do, my dear boy. Never! If he wants to see you let him come and see you here.’

‘My dear Sutherland, the advantages in this matter are not his, but ours, and we must not calculate risks in securing them, so vast and important as they are to His Majesty’s arms. My own life is nothing weighed against the value of West Point. But there is no need of sacrificing life. There is no danger under cover of night, on going on shore and meeting this man; an hour’s time will suffice for the interview, and I shall be on board again by two hours before day-break.’

‘Major Andre, I’ll be —— if you do.’

‘Not a word, Sutherland,’ said the officer playfully, ‘this project must not be given up at a time when it is about to be crowned with

of our long pending negotiation may be gathered—when the hopes of General Clinton may be realized—when the reward for which we have so long toiled, may be reaped. Fanciful apprehensions ought to have no weight with me now; nothing, life itself would not make me waver. Every thing depends on me this night. I will go on shore and meet Arnold. I see no great risk in it, and what there is, I cheerfully encounter for the sake of the object I have in view.'

'Well, do as you will, Andre. I have no power to control your movements, my orders being to afford you every means of achieving successfully your object. If you must go,—go, and God bless you! but I fear evil will come of it.'

CHAPTER V.

SHORTLY afterward enveloped in a blue great coat, which entirely hid his uniform, Andre went over the side into the boat accompanied by Smithson, and in a few moments they were lost to the eyes of those on deck in the dark shadows of the shore. In the boat was a negro, who, with Smithson, pulled actively toward the land, and in a quarter of an hour after leaving the ship, the little skiff shot into a narrow inlet, shrouded by the beetling cliffs, in impenetrable gloom. Andre instinctively laid his hand on his pistols and assumed an attitude of caution and defence. The oars were laid aside as they entered the creek, and the men drew the boat some distance inland under the branches of the over-hanging trees. At length they ceased their exertions.

'We must be near the spot now, Sambo. Open the whites of your eyes and look sharp about you.'

'Tis so goramity dark, massa Jack, nigger no see one debbil bit. Dis look wery like de place, nebberdeless. Chow! hear dat bull frog close here, massa Jack? I hearn him here when we left? Ki! 'tis jis de place for sartain sure.'

distance off.

'Boat it is?' answered Smithson.

'Have you been successful?'

'He is here.'

An exclamation of satisfaction was uttered; a heavy footstep hastily approached, and the indistinct figure of a man appeared on the bank. The next instant a dark lantern was sprung by him, and a bright light shone into the boat, exposing the occupant, while the individual behind it remained invisible.

'You are welcome, Sir,' said the stranger, after a moment's survey of the party. 'Smithson you will remain in charge of the boat, and take it round to where I have directed you to meet us.'

The British officer now landed. The greeting between the two persons was marked, by haughtiness on one part, and fawning courtesy on the other. The words of the Englishman, in exchanging salutations, were few and brief. The other, who was a stout gentlemanly looking man, with a decided military air, without noticing his manner, passed his arm through his, and led him by the light of the lantern a few yards from the boat to the forest path, in which stood two saddled horses tied to a tree.

'You will mount one of these horses, if you please, Sir,' said the stranger, who, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, was General Arnold.

'How mean you, General Arnold?' demanded Andre, in surprise: 'is not our interview to take place here?'

'So far as conversation goes it might, Sir. But I have a portion of correspondence, several important documents, plans of correspondence, and other papers necessary to our purpose, to exhibit to you. For these we must have lights and the privacy of a room.'

'Well,'

'A short distance from this place is a retired house, tenanted by Smithson. He is away, and there we shall be private. I have brought these horses that we may ride thither.'

After hesitating an instant, the young Englishman, as if determined to risk everything to effect the object of his mission, said abruptly, 'Mount, Sir, I attend you.'

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For a few moments they threaded the forest-path, and then emerged into a high road, where their way, from the absence of trees, became lighter. They rode forward in silence, for neither (the one, probably from contempt, the other from shame at the degrading part he was playing) felt disposed to converse, except on the topic that had brought two such opposite spirits in contact, and this had been mutually deferred until their arrival at the place of their destination. Suddenly the dark meditations of Arnold, and the pleasing recollections of England, with which the light-hearted Andre was beguiling the way, were interrupted by the stern challenge of a sentinel, a few yards in advance. Andre looked up and saw that they were just entering a small village.

'Friends!' replied Arnold.

'Advance and give the countersign.'

'Congress.'

'Pass, friends.'

All this passed like a dream to Andre's senses. In an instant however, he realized the full extent of his danger, reined in his horse and half turned to fly. Arnold's hand was instantly laid on his bridal. 'This is no time to waver. Ride on with me. There is no danger to a cool-head and resolute spirit.'

The words were spoken in a low or hurried tone close to Andre's ear. A moment's reflection convinced him that it was vain to think of retreating; and that his only alternative now, was to meet the emergencies of his situation with coolness and presence of mind. He therefore rode on, simply saying, in a tone of calm and dignified reproof, 'You did not tell me, Sir, that you were about to conduct me within the American lines, else I should have insisted on coming to terms with you where we landed, and not so imprudently risked my liberty, and perhaps my life.'

'I presume you placed that confidence in my honor, Major Andre, which have rendered such an intimation gratuitous. With a passport signed by me, you are aware, that you can return whenever you please.'

Andre said nothing: but the curl of his lip at the mention of 'honor,' would have

conveyed more to his companion, had it been light enough for him to have seen the expression of his features, than a volume of verbal replies.

In a few moments afterward they arrived at a low farm house, with a paling running along the front. As they dismounted they were startled by a heavy cannonading from the river, but some distance below.

'We are detected,' exclaimed Arnold, 'that firing is at the Vulture.'

The two gentlemen hastily ascended the steps of the portico, and looked southward. A league below (for that distance had Arnold led Andre from his ship) they saw the Vulture apparently wrapped in flames, from the blaze of incessant discharges of artillery, both from the shore and her own decks. From the batteries of Verplank's Point, they beheld a long line of guns belching forth fire, the glare of which illuminated land and water far and wide, while by the light of her own guns they distinguished every spar and rope of the sloop of war as distinctly as at noon-day.

'Good God! all is discovered—all is lost!' cried Arnold. 'To horse!'

'Hold!' said Andre, laying his hand on his arm, 'you need fear nothing. The Americans think the sloop lies too near the shore for their good, and are firing to compel her to change her position. See, she is already making sail.'

For a quarter of an hour longer they anxiously watched the movements of the vessel, which, after returning the fire of the Americans by a few broadsides, got under weigh, and still visible by the blaze from the guns on shore, slowly dropped down the river, and came to anchor some distance below, and beyond the reach of the batteries. Satisfied that his conjectures as to the cause of the firing were correct, he turned to Arnold, and said,

'It will only be a longer pull back for that black bearded esquire of yours, General Arnold, with a little unwelcome day light to help him, too, I fear, unless we can briefly despatch our business.'

Without replying, General Arnold led the way up stairs, by the light of his dark-lantern, and ushered Andre into a small room, the door of which he carefully closed and secured; then cautiously examining the apartment to see that there was no intruder on their privacy, he placed the light on a small table, and motioning to his guest to take one of two chairs placed by it, he seated himself in the other, and proceeded to lay on the table several papers which he drew from a concealed pocket in the breast of his surtout. While thus engaged, Andre sat silently surveying his features. They were cast in a noble mould. But the lofty forehead was contracted, and scowling with the dark and uneasy thoughts of the mind within; the well-formed mouth was compressed with gloomy determination, and his fine eyes, in which nature had secreted the power that controls and commands men, were restless, and shunned the calm gaze of his companion's.

'I am now ready, Major Andre,' said General Arnold, after arranging his papers on the table, 'to listen to Sir Henry Clinton's proposition.'

Andre continued to survey him for an instant longer, and then replied, with a look in which scorn and pity were equally mingled. 'These shall be laid before you when you have detailed the mode by which you can favor His Majesty's arms.'

'I can read the meaning of your glance, Major Andre,' said Arnold, slightly coloring, 'and appreciate your estimation of me in relation to the part I am about to act. But I have weighed all this well. I am prepared to meet the scorn and contempt of gentlemen, so that the personal feelings that I have in this matter are gratified. Major Andre, I am an injured man. I have repeatedly fought for, and five times shed my blood in defence of my country, and she has rewarded me, not only with contumely and neglect, but with open insult. It is useless for me to unfold to you the tissue of causes by which I have been goaded on to this step. It is enough, that I

am firmly resolved on it, and for nearly two years have been slowly but surely laying the foundation for its completion. I have now reached the point when deliberation or repentance are alike vain. When I resolved to repay my country for the wrongs she had loaded me with, it only remained to decide the best means of doing it, so that I could bring about advantage to myself, as well as injury to the cause, I was about to desert. My reward from the crown, I was aware, would be measured by the injury I inflicted on its enemies. It occurred that I could accomplish my object through West Point. So soon as this idea occurred to me, I directed all my efforts to get appointed commander at this important post. I have succeeded. It is now in my hands, and shall be transferred to those of General Clinton, provided that'—here the arch-traitor hesitated and looked down, but the next instant continued with assumed indifference, 'provided that the price I name for my services shall be agreed to.'

'Name it, sir.'

'One hundred thousand pounds sterling, in five quarterly payments, one quarter in hand, and the rank of Major General in the British Army.'

'Your services should be great to merit this, sir.'

'Let us weigh one against the other, and see which will kick the beam,' he said, with a faint attempt to laugh and appear at his ease.

Unrolling a small chart, he spread it on the table with the self-satisfied air of a man who expects to give surprise. 'Here,' he said, displaying the map, which was covered with lines of fortifications, 'here is a plan of the works at West Point. You will perceive on inspecting it, that besides the principal fort, there are three lines of fortifications between the river and the summit of the innermost range of highlands, composed of upwards of forty redoubts. But this map will serve only to give you a general outline of the works. Here is a paper that will show the number of men stationed at each, with the amount of military stores and provisions. Here is a third, showing the easiest paths

and means of access. On examination, it will sufficiently explain itself. Here is a fourth, containing the artillery orders, which have just been published at West Point, showing how each corps shall dispose of itself in case of alarm. This you will find of vast importance, as it will enable you to know the precise condition of every part of the garrison when you attack. Here is a fifth document, in which you will find an estimate of the forces at the different posts. This, marked F. No. VI., will show how many men it will take to man the works. In this, numbered G. VII., you will find a return of the ordnance in the different forts, redoubts and batteries; also remarks on the works, describing the construction of each, and its strong and weak points. Lastly, here is a report of the last council of war held at head quarters; and it contains hints written with pencil in the margin, representing the probable operations of the campaign. I yesterday received it from General Washington himself.

As he finished speaking, he laid the remaining papers of the packet on the table, and looked up with an air of triumph. As he anticipated, the expression of the young soldier's countenance was that of undisguised astonishment and gratification.

'Place those papers in my possession, and carry out in your person the spirit of them to the letter, and the reward you have named shall be yours,' said Andre, with animation.

Arnold coldly smiled, and said, 'It shall be mine to see that the post at West Point is weakened by such a disposition of the troops as shall leave but a small force for its defence. At those points most inaccessible, I have ordered scaling ladders, (ostensibly for a very different purpose,) to be constructed in the forest, where, at the place marked with an X on the plan, you will find them piled up ready for use. What think you, Major Andre—is it well planned?'

'It is most skilfully planned, sir,' said the young man, lost in wonder at this perfection of treason.

'It is, sir. But it remains to be ably seconded on the part of Sir Henry Clinton. The only obstacle to its success will be the difficulty of openly embarking troops on the

Hudson, without its object being suspected. The vigilance of Washington never sleeps!' As he spoke these last words, his voice fell, and he looked hurriedly about, as if he felt or feared his presence.

'This difficulty is easily settled,' said Andre, slightly smiling at the sudden change in his manner. 'Under the pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, of which, doubtless you have heard some rumors, troops are now embarking in Rodney's fleet. By to-morrow morning there will be eight thousand on ship-board, ready to ascend the river at a moment's warning.'

Then is success certain. As soon as it shall be known that your ships are approaching, I shall dispatch parties from the garrison to the gorges in the hills, and other remote passes, under the pretence of stopping the advance of the enemy in those quarters. There I intend they shall remain until your troops have landed, and marched to the garrison through other passes, where there will be left no troops to oppose them.'

'I cannot refrain from complimenting you, sir, on the masterly manner in which you have laid your plans; it is the perfection of'—Andre hesitated, when Arnold completed the sentence—'of treason. So be it, sir. If I bring about my ends, I care not what name men give it.'

The terms of his treachery having been agreed on, Arnold now carefully divided the papers in two equal parcels, while Andre filled out a *carte blanche* previously signed and delivered to him by Sir Henry Clinton for this purpose, in which the terms of General Arnold were acceded to, on the fulfilment of the conditions implied therein. He gave this, covering a check for twenty thousand pounds sterling, to Arnold, and received from him in return, the papers in two parcels, which, at the urgent desire of Arnold, who manifested the greatest anxiety for their security, he placed separately between his stockings and feet, drawing his boots on over all.

General Arnold now pleaded the necessity of returning forthwith to his quarters at the Beverly House, opposite West Point; and delaying only long enough to fill out a pass-

way to his boat, he, a few moments afterwards, took his leave of him before the house, and galloped rapidly northward.

CHAPTER VII.

‘So the gen’ral’s off with a thankee,’ said a voice in not the best humored tones in the world. Andre turned round and beheld Smithson.

‘Ha! boatswain,’ said he, quickly, ‘you are in good time. Lose not a moment in conveying me on board the Vulture.’

‘There are two parties to that bargain,’ said the man, in an indifferent manner, proceeding to place his oars in beackets on the portico.

‘What, fellow?’

‘Fellow not me,’ said the boatswain, doggedly; ‘I am at no man’s beck and bidding. I have my reasons for serving the General, but am not every man’s servant, you may depend. If you want to get back to your ship, you have arms, and can pull an oar, I reckon, as well’s another body.’

Annoyed and irritated at the unexpected position assumed by his guide, Andre paced the ground a few seconds, reflecting upon his situation, and deliberating on the course he should pursue: then turning to the man, who was removing his thick overcoat with great deliberation, he said, in a tone of mild entreaty—

‘Smithson, my good fellow, take this gold, and conduct me to your boat.’

‘Mr. John Anderson, what Jack Smithson wont do for favor, he wont do for gold. Besides, I have been up all night, and I want sleep. The Vulture lays full two leagues below, and it would be broad day before I could reach her. No, no, nothing less than the General’s orders will make me put oar in row-lock this night.’

‘Fatal negligence on the part of Arnold, not to leave instructions to this effect,’ said Andre, bitterly. Turning full upon the man, he suddenly drew a pistol and levelled it at

his breast, saying, in a stern voice, ‘swear to guide me to your boat, or you are a dead man.’

‘Is this your game? ha!’ said Smithson, with a laugh, quickly seizing the muzzle of the pistol in his gigantic grasp, and turning it upward—‘now, Mr. Anderson, if you are wise, you’d best put up that play thing, for I am not a-going to be frightened at such things as them. Good night.’ Thus speaking, he released his hold of the pistol, and entered the dwelling.

Mortified at his want of success, indignant at the supposed carelessness of Arnold, and not a little alarmed at the danger of being discovered within the American lines, the young man stood still for a moment with indecision. Then approaching a light Smithson had placed in a window, he unfolded Arnold’s passport, which he had not yet examined, to see to what extent it could protect him. To his surprize and infinite relief, he saw that there were two passports, one authorizing him to return to New-York by land, the other by water, with duplicates for Smithson, who was directed to see Mr. John Anderson safe beyond the American lines.

With a face, from which all traces of anxiety had disappeared, he entered the room and placed the passport in Smithson’s hands. The man read them twice over with the most annoying deliberation, and without speaking, placed his own passport in his pocket, and returned the others, resumed his dreadnought and flapped hat, walked out of the house, and gazed steadily at the eastern skies for a few seconds, when he spoke:

‘Mr. Anderson, it will be day break in twenty minutes. It is no use trying to get back to the Vulture, for it’s flood tide, and blowing a dead head wind. The best oarsman on the Hudson, couldn’t pull to her before ten o’clock, and during that time, there’s no knowing what might happen to us. I wouldn’t like to trust myself in a boat, for there are boat-rowers along shore that little care for passports. We must ride to King’s Ferry, just above here, and cross to Verplanck’s Point, and so go down on the west side, if you want to get to New-York.

After putting a few questions to him An-

dre was satisfied that the danger by land was less than by river, and that there remained no alternative but to take the land route.

Hitherto he had worn his uniform concealed, even from Smithson, beneath his great coat; but he saw the danger of travelling in this manner, and the necessity of appearing simply as a plain citizen. To effect this change, it became necessary to make a confidant, in some sort, of his guide.

'Smithson,' he said, as the other was busily saddling a second horse, 'if you have a worn coat, I should like to exchange mine for it, as I fear the one I wear may subject me to suspicions.' As he spoke, he approached the light in the window, and threw open his surtout.

The eyes of the man opened with surprise as they fell on the dazzling uniform of a British officer of high rank.

'By all that's good,' he said, advancing, 'this is a discovery. A British officer in the ——'

'Hush, my dear fellow,' said Andre, affecting the voice and manner of an exquisite—'a—a—you see a—Mr. Smithson—that we young fellows, a—that is you know—we like to dress gaily—'

'Well.'

'Why—a foolish vanity, a—that is all—nothing more I assure you—I thought I might fall in with some of the pretty rustics—Ha, ha, ha! you understand me Smithson, my good fellow, ha?—and so I borrowed this coat of an old acquaintance. You take, ha?'

'Confound your gibberish,' muttered Smithson, and then added in a tone of supreme contempt: 'Yes, I understand.' From that moment, Mr. Smithson set down Mr. Anderson as one of the genus between the ourang-outang and human. Whether the young man succeeded in blinding him altogether was doubtful; but he made no further remark, and went into the house with the gorgeous uniform in his hands, and returned with a claret colored coat, and nankeen waistcoat, which Andre put on, covering his head with a round hat, and wrapping himself again in his blue over coat. In a few minutes the horses were ready, and mounting, they moved

away from the house at a fast trot, and in the direction of King's Ferry.

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT nine o'clock the morning following these events, on a broad hill-side that swept from a ridge half a mile from the Hudson to its shores, and within sight of the village of Tarrytown, a foraging party consisting of three yeomen were seated on the ground beneath a tree, playing at cards. The tree stood a little retired from a public road, which coming from the village below, wound across the face of the hill and disappeared over the ridge towards the interior. Each of them had a powder horn and shot pouch slung over his shoulder, while a musket lay across the knees of one, and a rifle and long ducking-gun stood against a tree where apparently they had been placed by the others to leave them more at liberty to pursue their pastime.

Although intent on their games, every few seconds they lifted their heads, and took a keen survey of the road.

'Trumps!' exclaimed one slapping the card down upon his brawny thigh.

'It's your trick, John, by the living Jerusalem!' cried he with the musket.

'Luck's agin me this mornin', boys,' said the third, a stout built jolly faced farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, and a globular nose on which was scored in carmine many a deep potation; 'I'll into the road and see if I can't find some luck with game of another sort.'

'If you can light on one of them tory cow-boys, Ike, we are on the look out for, driving any Yankee cattle to make beef for John Bull's carcass down in York, I'll give up every copper I've won on ye,' said the first speaker, a thin cadaverous looking man with long legs and long hair.

'Then fork out, Davy, for here comes a prize as good, or may I never take aim at the sun with the butt end of a quart-pot.'

The men sprung to their feet, seized their guns, and joined their comrade in the wood. 'Whose cut and deal is this?' said the last

speaker pointing up the road, along which a single horseman was advancing at the best speed he could get out of a jaded horse.

At the period of which we write, there was a tract of country along the east bank of the Hudson between the American and British lines, called the neutral ground, thirty miles wide. By a law of the State of New York, any person was authorized to seize and convert to his own use, all horses, cattle or beef that should be driven across it southward towards the British lines if it was taken within ten miles of these lines. The consequence was that the whole of the neutral ground was closely watched by the inhabitants, who sallied from their homes in small parties and waylaid the highroads: so that it was difficult for the cow-boys, whose occupation was stealing cows from the 'lower camp,' to get with their booty safely across the debateable land. Stragglers and all suspicious persons were also stopped and made to give an account of themselves, and occasionally peaceful travellers were civilly invited to pay toll of a few dollars to some of these guardians of the roads, who were not over nice in their distinction between those who drove horses, and those who rode upon them. With this explanation the character of the party will be readily seen.

'He's a gentleman-like looking chap,' said he of the carmine nose, who had been called Ike; 'broadcloth and boots, and a heavy purse, I'll warrant me.'

'You're always thinkin' o' the purses, Ike,' said he of the long limbs; 'I wouldn't wonder if natur' hadn't g'en ye a spice o' the foot-pad in your liver. Come, John, suppose you step out and speak to him,' he said, addressing the winner at cards, a substantial respectable looking young farmer, 'if Ike does it, it will be like your regular banditti, one o' your touch and go. We must stand by the honor o' the country at all odds.'

The one addressed stepped in advance of his comrades towards the horseman, who was looking, as he rode, earnestly towards a vessel of war some miles above the river, and did not see the man until he came within twenty paces of him, when he suddenly checked his horse; the next instant he spur-

red him on as if he would pass him at full speed, reined up before the glittering bayonet levelled at his chest, and then, making a demi-volte across the road buried his spurs deep and would have dashed past, but the cool yeoman caught the animal firmly by the nostrils and checked him so suddenly as to throw him backward nearly upon his haunches.

'It was well done, sir,' said the yeoman, 'no doubt you are in a hurry, but then we want to become a little acquainted with you before you travel farther. The times are out of joint, and we know not true men from bad.'

The stranger was enveloped in a blue great coat buttoned to the neck, with nankeen breeches and military boots and an ordinary black coat; and had that indescribable air and manner that betrays under the meanest disguises, the gentleman and the soldier. 'Gentlemen,' he said, in a collected manner, as the rest of the party came up, 'I hope you belong to our party.'

'Which party?' asked the first.

'The lower party.'

'Ay, ay, that we do, don't we, Davy?' said the knight of the carmine.

'To be sure! what else does the gentleman think?' replied he of the long hair, winking at his fellow.

'I am glad to learn it,' replied Major Andre, whom the reader has already recognized. From Smithson's house he had crossed King's Ferry, and ridden southward along the eastern side under the guidance of Smithson, and only dismissed him a few miles back when he entered the neutral ground, where he considered himself comparatively secure. From the top of the ridge above alluded to, he descried the Vulture, a few miles above where she had anchored beyond the fire of the American batteries. It occurred to him that he might get some one to take him on board from the village, whereby he should be saved the fatigue and danger of a long ride of ten miles to the British lines. His spirits hitherto depressed by the loneliness of the road, and the extreme peril of his situation, became elevated at the prospect, and urging his horse forward he found himself all at once in the midst of an ambuscade. 'Gentlemen,' he

continued, 'I am gratified to know that you are friends, for I am a British officer absent from New York on particular business, and I beg you will not detain me, suspecting me to be other than I say I am.' As he spoke he drew from his pocket a richly chased gold watch and anxiously consulted it.

'Ay ay, Paulding, he's a British by his yellin gimcranks,' said Isaac; 'we Yankees are too pesky poor to have sich gear—General Washington himself only fobs a silver turnip.'

'You must dismount, sir,' said the sturdy yeoman sternly.

'My God! I must do anything to get along, my good fellows! Here is General Arnold's pass, that, perhaps, you may respect if you do not a British officer.'

'Dismount, sir, and we will read it,' said Paulding, who still held the horse by his nostrils. 'We have no idea of letting you escape 'till we know your business.'

'Hold on like death to a dead nigger, John,' said Ike of the nose, as the horse grew restive under the gripe, 'gold watches don't grow in everybody's corn-patch.'

'Gentlemen, you had best let me go or you will get yourselves into trouble. Examine this pass. Be brief! for I have been too long detained already.'

'I cannot read until you dismount,' said Paulding, holding the closed paper in one hand.

Andre sprung lightly from the saddle to the ground, where the yeoman released his gripe on the horse, passed the bridle beneath his arm, and opened the passport. 'I hope you'll not be offended, sir,' he said with the air of respect, which he had hitherto preserved, notwithstanding his resolute manner, 'but there are spies and other dangerous people abroad, and I only want to know if you are a true man. If you are proved to be, why there's no harm done, and if you ain't, why—'

'Then we'll have his watch on shares, and pull straws for the chain,' said Isaac.

'The name in the pass is Anderson, is it yours, sir?'

'It is. Let me go and I will give you my watch, horse, saddle and bridle.'

'Your anxiety and your offer leads me to

suspect you. Here is General Arnold's signature—that is all right enough, and we would let you pass with it, if you had not just now called yourself a British officer.'

'Considerable suspicious!' said he of the hair.

'He's a regular circumstance—and no mistake,' said Isaac, fumbling about his waistband for a fob that the sagacious tailor had prophetically constructed therein. 'Let's search him.'

'Ay, that'll show what's trumps!' said the knight with the legs.

'There is no alternative,' said Paulding; 'you must excuse us, but it must be done, sir.'

Leading him into the wood they proceeded to examine his hat, coat, and waistcoat, without making any discovery. At length they compelled him to resign every article of his apparel to their scrutiny. He of the long locks pulled off his boots, while Ike opened his watch and examined the case. Their search was vain, and he was directed to resume his apparel, when Paulding thought he heard a rattling like paper as Andre drew on his boot. His fine thread stockings alone had not been taken off, the captors satisfying themselves with passing the hand along the outside of the calf and ankle.

'Mr. Anderson, you will oblige me by removing your stocking,' said the vigilant yeoman.

'I had thought this foolish search was ended,' said the young man, his heart sinking.

'Your stockings must come off, sir.'

'Take them off,' said Andre, placing his palm on his brow, and turning away his face, wrung with an expression of the keenest anguish.

In the feet were discovered the fatal packets given him by General Arnold. A glance at the contents of one or two of the papers at once gave them an idea of their importance and dangerous nature. After they had consulted together for a few minutes as to the disposal of their prisoner, he who was called Ike, approached Andre, and said:

'Now what'll you give us to let you go free?'

'Any amount you may ask,' was the eager reply.

'Will you give me your watch and chain, and these gentlemen your horse, saddle, bridle, and a hundred guineas told?'

'Cheerfully. And the money shall be directed to this very spot if you say so, so that you shall be sure to get it.'

'Is that all you will give?' coolly asked Paulding.

'I will give you whatever you demand, goods or money to the amount of a thousand pounds.'

'Now, Mistur,' said he of the nose, in a patriotic tone, and with a look of inconceivable magnanimity, 'if you'd give us ten thousand guineas, and your watch to boot, yes, your gold watch and chain to boot, we would not let you stir a step, hey, boys?'

'If he's an enemy, poor as we be, I'd rather be without the money than he should escape to do mischief,' responded Davy.

'Would you escape if you could?' asked Paulding.

'Most assuredly.'

'I don't intend you shall,' was the quiet reply of the American. In a few minutes afterward they directed their prisoner to remount his horse, and with Paulding leading the animal by the bridle, and the two others marching, one a few paces in advance, and other in the rear, they re-entered the road, and moved at a smart pace northwardly towards North Castle, the nearest military post of the Americans.

CHAPTER IX.

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, two miles south westerly from West Point, there stands, at the present day, a time-worn dwelling. It is a long, rambling structure, two stories high, and erected apparently at different periods—a low gallery, in some places sunken, runs around it with vines creeping about its slender columns, and grass growing in its crevices; shrubs have got root hold on its moss-covered roof, and hang over the eaves in graceful festoons. It is the centre of a lawn, from the bosom of which, numerous fine old trees of a century's growth,

send up their trunks to a great height, and form a broad canopy of foliage above the venerable roof. Everything about it—its worm-eaten fences; its thick soft grass, like piled velvet, which age only can give; its long range of noble old barns, once red, but now browned and blackened with the storms of eighty winters; its gigantic shrubbery; an avenue of box trees that look as if planted under a woman's eye ere the Revolution, all give it and air of old family dignity and antiquity that is seldom found in this young western world. A forest shuts out the prospect of the river from the south gallery, but a range of mountains, Dunderbeg and his satellites, fill the eye instead, while Antony's Nose, clothed with trees to its top, rises abruptly from the lawn, which is blended with its base to the height of a thousand feet. On the west and north, Fort Putnam, now nearly hid by the trees that have been suffered to grow up immediately around it, and old Crow Nest, are striking objects in the prospect. From the house a winding carriage road leads through the romantic wood to a small cove on the Hudson, near the outlet of a brawling brook which intersects the grounds, where is a landing place for small boats. This is called Beverly Cove, and the dwelling above described Beverly House. Here Arnold held his head quarters during his command at West Point.

In a large, square room of the mansion, its low ceiling intersected by transverse beams, carefully white-washed, the capacious fireplace flanked by panel-work and little closets, with but a single door (besides that opening into the hall) leading into a small window looking to the north, there sat, the morning after Andre's arrest, a party at breakfast. It consisted of General Arnold, who was in an unusually gay and social vein, his youthful and lovely wife, whose maiden charms had won the admiration of Andre,* and Colonels Hamilton and McHenry, aids-de-camps of Generals Washington and La Fayette.

In the midst of their meal, and an animated

* It is a singular fact that Andre was an admirer of Miss Shippen, afterwards Mrs Arnold, who was a daughter of Chief Justice Shippen of Philadelphia, where he first saw her during its occupancy by the British army.

conversation on the subject of the contemplated attack on New York, a horseman rode up to the door, and a moment afterward an orderly entered the room with a note, which he gave to General Arnold. Putting down an egg he was about to break into a little China cup before him, he opened the letter and read with a palpitating heart and a sensation of suffocation:

‘Sir:—I send forward under charge of Lieutenant Allen and a guard, which will arrive at Beverly House by noon, a certain John Anderson, who had been taken while going towards New York. He had a passport signed in your name, which, doubtless, is forged, and a parcel of papers, taken from his stockings, which are of a very dangerous tendency. I send him to you as commanding officer, feeling that it is a case presenting too many difficulties, and involving too much for me to decide upon.

JAMIESON, *Colonel, &c. &c.*’

‘Till this moment Arnold had believed that his treason was successful. From the hour of his arrival at Beverley House, after taking leave of Andre, he had been singularly active and alert in his duties, and with the officers about his person was on more than usual terms of confidence and intimacy. That morning Colonels Hamilton and McHenry had ridden forward to his house, to announce the approach of Washington and Lafayette to dine with him. Such was the confidence this great man reposed in him—alas, how repaid! The friendship (which he had) of such a man as Washington; the moral atmosphere he diffused around him should have saved him from so great a fall!

With an effort of self-command almost supernatural, he read the information of the capture of Andre and the defeat of his plans, so long forming. He folded the letter, suppressing his emotions the while, so effectually as to prevent the least suspicion of the occurrence of any extraordinary event, and taking up the egg he laid down, deliberately broke it into his cup, and for a few seconds longer continued to eat his breakfast, and addressed with ease a few common-place words to Col. Hamilton. At length he said:

‘Gentlemen, I beg you will not let my departure interrupt your meal. I have received a note requiring my immediate presence at

West Point. George, have my horse saddled and brought to the door. Then rising from the table, he hastened up stairs to his private room, situated at the northeast corner of the house, and despatched a servant to the breakfast room to say to Mrs. Arnold that he desired to speak with her.

‘Mary,’ he said, in a tone of the deepest agitation, closing the door and taking her in his arms, ‘we have been united but eighteen months, but we must now part forever. I have been, unknown to you, engaged in a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton. The note I have just received tells me of the arrest of his messenger to me, with papers on his person, either of which would become my death-warrant. Nothing remains for me but instant flight to the enemy. My barge is at the landing. I can reach the Vulture by noon. Escape now will be easy.—No one here is yet aware of my criminality. An hour hence it will be too late. Though Jamieson is too dull to suspect me, Tallmadge or others may ere this have seen the papers, and be on their way to arrest me. Instantly burn all my papers. Now, farewell, dearest. God bless you. The heaviest blow this inflicts will reach me through you. Now, God bless you—bless you!’

Hastily embracing her he fled from the apartment, and though a shriek prolonged and wild, and a heavy fall reached his ears as he descended the stairs, he lingered not but flung himself on Col. Hamilton’s horse, his own not being yet at the door. Giving the animal the rein, he took a by-path around the stables, galloped rapidly along a hedge and descended a wooded hill through a dry, rocky ravine, almost impracticable to horse, but down which he recklessly urged the noble animal, which, by plunging, leaping, and sliding on his belly, the spurs of the rider cutting into the rocks as he bore upon them with his heels, reached the bottom, and leaped the brook clear into the carriage-road. Riding forward like wind through the wooded bottom, Arnold gained the cove, where, beside a small pier, his barge, with six men, was in waiting to convey him, as usual, at that hour, across to West Point.

He threw himself from his horse, and

sprung into the boat. 'Push off, Cuyler!' he said to the coxswain, with anxious impatience. 'Lively men, lively! Clear from the shore! Set your oar to that sunken rock, and help her? There, she's off. Thank God! Now let fall and give way, Starboard, Cuyler! Hand a starboard!'

The boatswain stared. 'Are we not going to West Point, sir?'

'No, below! Urgent affairs require my presence on board the Vulture. Pull out into the middle of the river, and take the full force of the tide. Lay to your sweeps well; now. You shall have a guinea a piece when you run your boat under the counter of the Vulture.'

The men gave utterance to a kind of cheer, and bent to their oars with a good will. Cuyler sat in the stern sheets, steering her with a steadiness and skill that added almost the force of a seventh oar to her speed. For awhile the barge stood steadily down the river, passing on either hand scenery of savage grandeur, every commanding eminence of which was frowning with a redoubt.

In about an hour they emerged from the Highlands into a broader part of the river, and approached the fortress at Verplank's Point, commanded by Colonel Livingston. Arnold, who hitherto had sat in the stern of the boat, with his arms folded, only rousing himself from a gloomily revery by cheering the boatmen to renewed exertions, on nearing the post, placed in the stern a white handkerchief fixed to his sword, which had the effect intended, for Colonel Livingston regarding it as a flag-boat permitted it to pass without ordering it to be stopped and examined. This was a trying moment to the traitor, and he scarcely breathed 'till the barge was beyond gunshot. The Vulture was now in sight a league below, and in another hour he was on board of her.

We will here dispose of the traitor in a few words. Although his plan had failed, he was made a Major-General in the British army, and was otherwise rewarded for his intentions and previous services as Clinton's correspondent. But honorable men of the British army refused to associate with him, and officers to serve under him. After living

twenty years in merited contempt and infamy, he died miserably, at his residence in Grosvenor square, London; not only unpitied and unhonored, but leaving behind him a name which has become a by-word for treason among both British and American people.

CHAPTER X.

Two hours after the flight of Arnold, General Washington, accompanied by Knox and La Fayette, on their return from a visit to Count Rochambeau at Hartford, arrived at Beverly House, as previously arranged, to repose themselves and dine. Here learning from his aids that General Arnold had been suddenly called over to West Point on urgent business he remained only long enough to take a late and hasty breakfast, and proceeded to the garrison, to ascertain if any thing important had transpired. Accompanied by all his suite except Colonel Hamilton, who was detained in writing letters, he rode to the cove by the usual carriage road. This is a firm gravelled avenue, running northwardly with an easy descent, through a line of old trees for a hundred yards, to the bottom of a dell, through which the brook before mentioned runs brawling over stones. Here, at a gate, the road makes a sharp angle to the left, and follows the course of the rivulet. A roof of densest foliage shields it from the noon-day sun, and seats placed at intervals along its borders, invite the rambler to repose; while the ceaseless gurgle of the flowing water, the singing of countless birds, the silence of the forest trees, save when their tops are moved whisperingly by the winds, tempt him to linger in its delightful seclusion. Such was the pleasant woodland path through which the party rode, such, save that time has made it lovelier, is it now. Just before they arrived at the cove they discovered the horse deserted by Arnold grazing by the path, his bridle beneath his feet, and his saddle and coat bearing traces of the red soil in which he had taken that equine luxury, a roll.

A passing remark was made by Knox on General Arnold's carelessness; the animal was led back to the house by a servant; and in a few seconds afterward, the gentlemen dismounted on the little pier. Here, a small pennant, hoisted by an attendant sent in advance, was fluttering from a staff placed on a projecting point of rock, in answer to which a barge of eight oars was putting out from the fort of Buttermilk Falls, then a military boat station. In a few minutes, the party embarked, and the boat moved rapidly through the water. The harmony of motion and action, in a well manned barge, produces, like all harmony, silence and music. The simultaneous sway of the bodies of the oarsman—the regular rattle in the row locks—the liquid dip of the falling sweeps—the answering leaps of the boat—all are harmonious, soothing, and conducive to meditation. After the first hundred yards, conversation ceased, and each gentleman seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts. The scenery through which they moved, added, also, its influence. On the right, stretched the eastern shore, rising a rocky precipice from the water, and crowned with woods. On the left the Buttermilk Falls came tumbling and foaming in snowy sheets from the top of a cliff, and further on, the shores were walled with lofty rural precipices. As they proceeded, the Highlands of Crow Nest and Bull Hill frowned down upon them, and from a promontory, the fortress of West Point bristled with its iron battery. As they approached the landing, now disused, south of Kosciusko's garden, Washington observed with enthusiasm—

‘Well, gentlemen, it is fortunate for us that General Arnold has gone over to the garrison in advance of us, for we shall now have a salute, and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among these mountains.’

The barge continued to approach the shore without any notice from the fortress, when, surprized at the silence, and absence of all preparations to receive them, he exclaimed—

‘What! do they not intend to salute us?’

An officer now made his appearance, descending the ravine, and reached the shore just as the boat touched it.

‘How is this, sir?’ said Washington, with some severity.

‘Pardon me, General,’ said the officer in confusion, ‘I did not anticipate the honor of such a visit, or I should have been prepared to receive you in a proper manner.’

‘What! is not General Arnold here?’ demanded the chief with surprise.

‘No, your excellency. He has not been here for these two days, nor have I heard from him within that time.’

‘This is extraordinary, indeed,’ said Washington; ‘we were told he had crossed the river, and that we should find him here.’

He, nevertheless, remained and inspected the garrison and works, and then re-entered the barge with his suite, and was pulled back to Beverly House.

As he approached the mansion, Colonel Hamilton met him with a troubled countenance, and whispered in his ear—

‘Alight, sir! I have a matter of the most vital importance to acquaint you with.’

Washington accompanied him into the sitting room, and when the door was closed, Hamilton placed in his hands several papers, saying, ‘As the messenger who arrived shortly after you left, said they were of the utmost importance, I opened them.’

Washington read the letters, which contained from an authentic source, the account of the capture of Andre, and a copy of the papers in Arnold's hand writing, with the passport in the same hand, found on his person. The guilt of Arnold was made clear as light, and the cause of his absence from West Point accounted for. It was plain that he had escaped to the enemy.

‘He has descended the river; ride, Hamilton, for your life,’ said Washington; ‘it may be possible to intercept him at Verplank's Point.’

Colonel Hamilton left the room and spurred away on what appeared to be a fruitless errand. Washington now sent for General La Fayette and Knox, to whom he communicated Arnold's treason, and placed in their hands the papers which confirmed it. His manner was composed and dignified.

‘Whom can we trust now!’ he said calm-

ly, after they had finished the perusal of the letters,

'*Mon dieu!* is it possible?' exclaimed La Fayette, crumpling the paper in his clenched hand, as he swiftly paced the apartment.

'I always knew him to be a disaffected man, but by —— I did not expect the devil to turn out so black from hoof to horn,' said Knox, violently striking his fist upon the table.

'It is useless to show feeling about it now, gentlemen,' said Washington, without betraying emotion or anxiety of any kind, 'it remains for us to repair what injury he has done us, and prevent him from doing more.'

The American General now directed all his energies to counteract all the plans laid by the traitor. Orders were forwarded to all the posts, the positions of the garrison's changed, and the whole order of things, as laid down by Arnold, reversed. Sir Henry Clinton, however, through the capture of Andre, was kept in ignorance and uncertainty until the arrival of the Vulture in New York, with Arnold on board, the morning after his flight. The project, therefore, was abandoned, and the troops disembarked.

CHAPTER XI.

It was not until noon on the following day that Andre arrived at Beverly House, under escort of Major Tallmadge. This officer, on inspecting the captured papers which were shown him after Colonel Jamieson had sent the prisoner forward, saw what this officer was strangely blind to Arnold's guilt.—Expressing in warm tones of censure his opinion of the course pursued by Jamieson, of sending the accomplice to the accomplice, he requested and received the command of the escort, and after some delay reached head quarters with his prisoner. Washington refused to see Andre, lest he should forget what was due to justice, in sympathy for its victim, and ordered him to be placed under guard in the small room, opening from the dining-room, a sentinel to be posted on the outside of the door, and other precautions

taken for his security, until he could be conveyed to West Point, and thence to Tappan for trial.

It was late in the afternoon, when Andre stood by his little window, watching the setting sun as it hung low in the skies above the summit of Crow Nest, and gilding with its slanting beams the walls of the fortress at West point. His thoughts were turned on the hopelessness of his situation. He knew that he must die. To be cut off in the prime of youth, his earthly hopes crushed, the ties of love, paternal and filial, for ever broken—all that bound him to his fellow beings severed and destroyed! He turned away from the window, and paced to and fro his narrow prison, under the pressure of intense and mental agony. Terrible was the conflict between his manhood and his human nature! At length reason asserted her power, and philosophy and religion came to his aid, and he grew calmer. He resolved to bear his fate like a man, and like a British soldier. After a few seconds, he called to the sentinel, and requested writing materials to be brought to him. They were cheerfully granted by Major Tallmadge, who had taken a deep and feeling interest in the fate of the youth.—Seating himself at a table, Andre penned the following letter to General Washington:

September 24th., 1780.

Sir:—What I have said concerning myself to my captors, was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded.

I beg your excellency will be persuaded, that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self interest; a conduct in compatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life.

It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security.

The person in your possession, is Major John Andre, Adjutant General in the British army.

The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose, I held; as confidential, (in the present instance,) with his excellency, Sir Henry Clinton.

To favor it, I agreed to meet upon ground

not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence. I came up in the Vulture man-of-war, for this effect, and was fetched by a boat, from the ship to the beach. Being there, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to re-conduct me back the next night, as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way, in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New-York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers.

Thus, as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed, (being an Adjutant General of the British Army,) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts. Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true, on the honor of an officer and a gentleman.

The request I have to make to your excellency, and I am conscious I address myself well, is, that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark, that though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an imposter.

Another request is, that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend, for clothes and linen.

I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charleston, who being on parole, or under protection, were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect.

It is no less, sir, in a confidence of the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, sir, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE, Adj't. General.'

When he had finished penning this eloquent appeal, he gave it to Major Tallmadge, who read it with undisguised astonishment.

He had suspected from his carriage, and the habit of turning on his heel in his walk, that he was a military man, but had no suspicion that he held so high a rank in the British army, nor that the plot in which he had been connected with Arnold, was so extensive and dangerous. He carried the letter to General Washington, who was deeply affected on reading it, but made no reply to it. After the prisoner had sent the letter, his mind appeared relieved, and his features wore a calm and contented expression. He turned again to the window, and the calm landscape lighted by the evening sky, was not more placid and serene than his countenance.

'Andre!'

He started, and looked around. But there was no one present.

'Andre!' was a second time repeated, as if close to his ear, in the gentle tones of a woman's voice.

He looked around and up to the ceiling, when his eye caught a slip of paper fluttering through a crevice in the floor above. 'Andre,' softly repeated the voice a third time, and the paper fell fluttering at his feet. He lifted it from the ground and read it with a sparkling eye.

DEAR MAJOR ANDRE.—Though miserable myself, I cannot be altogether so absorbed in my own wretchedness, as to forget the grief of others. Listen to me. I know your high notions of honor, and the spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice that fills your bosom, but oh! for my sake—for your own—for that of your mother and sisters—for the sake of your country—do what I am about to ask of you! Accept life while it is in your power! Do not remain to die like a criminal! Life is now yours—to-morrow it may be due to justice! Alas! my heart tells me what will be your reply—but I will not therefore cease my exertions to save you. Assisted by a faithful slave, I this morning loosened two of the planks in your room. They afford communication with the cellar. Descend into it, and Peter will meet you with a disguise, and conduct you, by the western outlet, which opens among high shrubbery, into the garden, where he will conceal you 'till night, and then provide a boat for your escape. Do not, Andre, neglect this opportunity! Fly now! General Washington and his staff are busy in the library, and nothing can prevent the success of the plan but your obstinacy. Fly, Andre! Escape! For the sake of all

you hold dear on earth, lose not a moment, but fly!

MARY.

The young man read this appeal with a sparkling eye and glowing countenance, when he concluded it he glanced upward and kissed his hand to the invisible author of it, then folded the paper, placed it next his heart, and paced the room rapidly with a thoughtful brow and excited manner.

'Nay, nay, I will not—I cannot—I *may* not! I must abide my destiny.'

He stopped, surveyed the floor through every part, and then walked towards the side next to the hall and trod lightly on the two planks nearest the wall. They were loose. He stooped to lift them and they yielded to his hand and he gazed down the dark cellar beneath.

'Come, massa! coas' clear—dis jus' de time!' said a low husky voice from beneath.

The prisoner paused an instant, then with a sudden impulse closed the aperture and walked resolutely away. An exclamation of anguish and disappointment from the apartment above reached his ear, but with folded arms and a composed manner, he gazed steadfastly from the window, his face expressive of the triumph of an honorable mind over an unworthy temptation.

CHAPTER XII.

THE morning of the second of October broke with a clear sky, and the promise of a bright autumnal day. The sun rose without a cloud, and gladdened hill, forest, and valley with his cheering light.

Happiness was written on the face of nature, as if with the finger of Heaven; but among the habitations of men, sorrow and woe had, as ever, an abiding place. There was one abode into the windows of which this morning's sun shone, above all others, melancholy in its character, and most melancholy for the scenes of human sorrow and wretchedness of which it was the daily witness. It was a prison. In one of its gloomiest apartments, sat a young man whose days were numbered—whose star was about to become

extinguished ere it reached its zenith. It was Major Andre. His judges had doomed him to die as a spy, taken within the American lines.

The sympathizing American Chief would gladly have commuted this harsh sentence, but military justice demanded the victim! In one hour he was led forth to execution! His countenance was firm. A delightful calm dwelt on his youthful and noble features, and an air of repose and resignation marked his bearing. About him stood a group of officers, foes of his country, but whom his virtues had converted into personal friends. Tears were in the eyes of these stern warriors, and their voices trembled with emotion as they talked in low tones with each other. He alone was calm and resigned!

An officer entered and announced in a subdued tone, that the hour of execution had arrived. The prisoner rose with dignity and said:

'Gentlemen, I am ready to wait on you.' Taking the arm of Major Tallmadge, who had been constantly with him since his capture, he left his cell with a firm step. In the street he took the arms of two subaltern officers, and walked between them to the place of execution. A natural composure prevailed his manner, and his whole deportment was remarkably dignified and self-possessed.

'My emotions are singular,' he said, turning to Major Tallmadge, who walked near him, 'when I reflect that in a very few minutes I shall be an inhabitant of the world of spirits—so soon have revealed to me *the great secret*! But I do not shrink from it. I am not afraid to die—if I were, wretched, indeed should I be at this moment.'

They now came in sight of the gallows surrounded by a large military force and a great concourse of citizens awaiting the event—a deep gloom filling all hearts—commiseration visible on every face.

When the young man saw the degrading instrument of execution he stopped, and turning to Major Tallmadge said, with an expression of mingled pain and indignation, 'Why is this?'

'Are you ill, sir,' asked the officer, ignorant of the cause of his emotion.

'Tis nothing, sir,' said the young soldier, recovering his composure; 'I hoped to have met death at least at the hands of the soldiers, and not at those of the common hangman. Move forward, I am reconciled to death, but I detest the mode.'

In a few minutes afterwards he stood beneath the gallows. As he looked up at the fatal engine of death, his chest heaved and there was a choking in his throat as if he were striving to suppress feelings struggling to escape. At length the noose was suspended from the beam and the wagon placed beneath. Without assistance he stepped into it, and then for a moment he appeared to shrink. The ascendancy of nature was but momentary. Instantly recovering himself, he looked around upon the sorrowful faces at the foot of the gallows, and said with a smile:

'It will be but a momentary pang.'

Then declining the assistance of the provost-marshal, he bandaged his own eyes with a degree of firmness and resignation that the eyes of all who gazed were filled with tears, and deep groans of emotion escaped from the breast of many a stalwart soldier, that the stern spirit of military laws should demand so young and so noble a victim.

The provost-marshal now loosely pinioned his arms and placed the noose over the young man's head, who, himself with perfect firmness, adjusted it to his neck.

'Major Andre, you now have an opportunity to speak if you desire it,' said the provost-marshal.

Lifting the handkerchief from his eyes, he looked steadily around, and said in a firm, clear voice that reached every ear of the silent multitude.

'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' There was no vain boasting in his voice or manner, but his words proceeded from that honorable pride which becomes a soldier, and which sheds a halo even around the brow of death. When he had said this, he resumed his former position and calmly awaited his fate.

The signal was given—the wagon rolled from beneath him, and the victim of military justice had expiated his offence with life.

'Such,' says Mr. Sparks in his 'Biogra-

phy of Arnold,' which able work we have made free use of in this outline, 'such, was the death of a man whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known, and opened the happiest presages of a future career of renown and glory. In ten short days his blooming hopes had been blighted, and his glowing visions dispersed. But it was his singular fortune to die, not more beloved by his friends than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin, and by whose hands his life was justly taken. Time has consecrated the feeling. There are few Americans, and few will there ever be, who can look back upon the fate of Andre without deep regret. His name is embalmed in every generous heart; and they who will condemn his great error, and applaud the sentence of his judges, will cherish a melancholy remembrance of the unfortunate victim, and grieve that a life of so much promise, adorned with so many elevated and estimable qualities, was destined to an untimely and ignominious end.' The tears and eulogies that have followed the memory of this noble gentleman, brave soldier, and honorable man, eminently show how virtue may ennoble even the gallows, and demonstrate that it is far better to die well, though on a gallows, than, like Benedict Arnold, to purchase life with the scorn and contempt of mankind.

'Still lived he on—his victim doomed to die—
Yet in their different fates behold the homily.'

THE BOLD INSURGENT.

A TALE OF THE YEAR 1768.

PART I.

SCENE IN A TAP-ROOM.

In the reign of Charles the Second, of England, Sir William Berkley was Governor of Virginia, then a pet-province of royalty, and receiving more of the sunshine of kingly favor than any other of the American plantations. It was settled principally by cavaliers of this prince's ill-fated father's court, and a party, who, to escape the retributive vengeance of Oliver Cromwell, sought here an asylum from the political tempest that laid

waste their fair Island. Here took refuge many of the first Charles' personal friends and most devoted adherents; and with but few exceptions, all of these transferred their loyalty from the father to the son. After the restoration, they would have willingly returned from their exile, and were making preparations to do so, when the second Charles, desirous of giving consideration to the province through the presence there of men of wealth and family, courteously signified that it was his royal wish that they should remain there, and by their presence and influence, countenance the infant colony, which, on their departure, would languish and die. The expression of the royal desire was to them a command; and Virginia became permanently the home of some of the best descended cavaliers of Great Britain, whose descendants, in this day, have parted not with the high tone of gallantry and chivalrous bearing that characterized the gentlemen of the court of the unfortunate Charles. The presence of so large a number of good families, who, instead of coming to acquire wealth, brought it with them in all its refinements, combined with the peculiar favor the colony received from the parent country, contributed to place Virginia far before its sister colonies in those luxuries which the latter only finally arrived to the enjoyment of, after years of patient and laborious toil. This peculiarity was apparent, and distinctly marked as early as the period of our story; and a century and a half has scarcely diminished the claim of the 'old dominion' to this distinctive feature.

The colonists were composed principally of planters, gentlemen of estate, King's officers, military men, with the persons composing the council and court of Sir William Berkley. Mechanics there were few or none, as all manufactured articles were imported from the mother country, from a hat down to a shoe, and oftentimes, also, the entire frames of dwelling houses and public edifices. Poor white laborers were also rare, as all work was done by slaves. *Loafers* were not known then. It was emphatically a colony of gentlemen. Their estates extended on both sides of James River, many a league, and along both shores of the Chesapeake. James-

town was the seat of the colonial government the residence of Sir William Berkley; and the centre of all provincial events. Here the governor held his court; here met the assembly, and here were the head quarters of the troops.

This town, at the period of our story, in 1675, extended along a rambling street that ran parallel with James, then called Powhatan River, for about three quarters of a mile, and faced the south. The place on which it was built, was a peninsula, formed by a creek, that, approaching within a few rods of James River, above the town, turned with a broad sweep, off suddenly to the left, quite encompassing the town, and emptied itself into the river two miles below it. The neck that joined the peninsula thus formed, to the main land, was but ten paces in breadth, and across it ran the only road that led from the town to the interior. Besides the state-house, which was an imposing brick structure, with a portico and gallery, the governor's residence, just out of the village, and a church with a lower tower, there was no other public building in the town, unless the hostel of Katrine Larence, be thus designated. Katrine had been the prettiest maiden, the loveliest bride, and handsomest widow in the whole plantation. At the time this story opened, she had remained in widowhood twelve years, the whilst mistress and hostess of the most notable public house in Virginia; 'the resorte,' says the historian 'of all the gentry and best of quality of the colony whom business and cencours to the governor brought to town from all parts.'

One stormy night, several of her guests were congregated in the tap-room, the chief window of which looked toward the council-hall or state house. It was the night before the meeting of the provincial assembly, and the inn was filled with the members that represented different parts of the colony, and, as the custom then was, most of them were gathered in the tap-room after supper, previous to retiring for the night. The company was divided or separated into four or five groups. Around the fire (for the night, though a late one, was damp and chilly, and a fire comfortable) was drawn a knot of the members dis-

cussing the anticipated affairs of to-morrow, on the opening of the assembly. They were mostly dressed in the broad skirted coats, flapped waistcoats, breeches and knee-buckles, with the queued and powdered hair of the period. In the middle of the floor, seated around a table, was a group of town's-people, from their dress and conversation, evidently merchants and ship-masters, talking of gains of winds, and foreign lands. In a corner of the apartment were several seamen, riotously drinking and singing over oft-replenished cups of gin or claret, while in an opposite corner, as if seeking to shun observation, were two swarthy and painted Indians, with bundles of furs at their feet, bargaining in low guttural tones with a little fat, shrewd 'leader' of the town, who displayed, in his hands, gray beads, brass rings, and other tempting trinkets, as the price for their beaver skins. On one side of the long, low apartment, was a semi-circular pulpit well guarded with an oaken lattice, and communicating, by a little window in the rear, with an inner room. This was the 'bar' or 'tap' of the inn, and its presiding deity none other than Katrine herself, who was leaning over its counter, and talking with a tall, handsome man, not above thirty years of age, who while listening to her with courteous attention, was marking all that passed among the several groups in the tap-room. This man was finely formed, and wore a costume half that of a hunter, and half military, which became him, while it set off to advantage the firm proportions of his well-built frame. His whole air, his subdued and calm manner, as well as the richness of some parts of his dress, showed him to be a man of birth and bearing. His eye was grey and large, and clear like an eagle's, while his mouth wore that firm expression that indicated courage, daring, and a high fierce spirit. His complexion was florid, his forehead partly shaded by a low Virginia palm hat, was broad and smooth; while the strength of his noble, but stern brows was relieved by clustering locks of light brown hair that escaped from his hat, and rested upon his temples. A light, elegant mustache graced his upper lip, and a peaked, well trimmed beard descended to his breast. He wore a

straight sword at his side, and in his belt was stuck a pistol, and a long two-edged hunting knife. His smile was pleasant, and the few low words he from time to time returned for the courteous flow of gossip with which Katrine entertained him, seemed, from her frequent laughs, not only to give her great pleasure, but to the sufficiently well-timed—notwithstanding he was all the while more intent in listening to the conversation of those about the fire-place, than to her.

'Come, Colonel,' she said at length, seeing that he thought less of her words than he seemed to; 'leave the tap-room, and go back into the little parlor, where thy supper is laid. There is wine and warm welcome for thee there.'

'Such welcome were a thing not lightly to be turned from, Katrine,' he said, 'but pray thee let me listen awhile to these cavaliers. Their discourse hath especial interest for me.'

'It is nothing but dry assembly talk; I hear it from morning 'till night, until I wish there was no such thing as politics in the world.'

'Were there no politics, dame, thou would'st scarce have so crowded a hotel as thou hast this night,' answered the cavalier.

'That is true; but we need not listen to them.'

'Go, Katrine, I will presently follow thee, and do justice to thy board.'

Thus speaking, he quitted the easy, lounging posture he had hitherto assumed, as he leaned his ear towards the hostess, and moved as if with careless purpose, towards the fire-place, yet not so near as to attract observation by the act.

'These painted pagans that so infest our borders with fire and blood and death in their train, *must* be exterminated,' said one of the older gentlemen of the group, continuing the conversation, and striking his gold-headed staff upon the hearth, to enforce, by its emphasis, his energetic words.

'They have, a second, time, come within thirty miles of Jameston, and the light of their war-fires has illuminated the horizon of our very capital,' said another. 'Why Sir William does not send on troops to protect

the frontier, and punish these savages, is known better to himself than it is to me.'

'Sir William Berkley, our excellent governor, hath too much wisdom to shoot bullets through beaver-skins,' squeaked a low, chuckling voice, in a distant part of the room.

Every one looked in the direction from which it proceeded, and discovered in the speaker the squat *trader*, who was bargaining with the friendly Indians.

'What mean you, sirrah?' demanded one of the members, with indignation.

'We all know that Sir William loves the ring of gold and silver as well as a Jew,' said the little man with a boldness singularly contrasting with his small voice and diminutive appearance, 'and while he can buy beaver-skins for a blue bead each, and sell them to his factors at a dollar, he will not, by going to war with our red friends, put an end to profitable gains.'

'By Saint George! there spoke a true word if the devil had given it speech!' cried the second speaker with animation.

'And herein,' said the first, 'lieth, I do verily believe, the secret of the whole matter. The trader hath got to the thumb end.'

'Shall we suffer this thing to be, gentlemen,' said a bold, slashing cavalier, with a red face, and altogether a dissipated air, who made one of the group: 'shall our lives be put in the balance against the governor's cupidity. It is but three hours since the rumor came flying in, that seventeen men have been slain within fifty miles of us, since Saturday night. Sir William Berkley must learn that freemen's lives are not to be measured with beaver-tails.'

'Tut, tut, Larence, man!' said one of the party, laughing; 'you speak treason that will bring you to a hempen neck-cloth.'

'If it be treason, then have I also a hand in it,' said the young cavalier, who had been listening to their conversation with deep attention. He strode towards the fire-place as he spoke, and the exclamation, 'Colonel Bacon!' from every one present, showed that he was no stranger to them, though their manner evinced surprize, both at his presence and language. 'Yes, gentleman,' he con-

tinued, after exchanging brief and courteous salutations with them, 'if Major Larence had spoken treason, then is every true and honest man in this dominion a traitor! Sir William Berkley looks more to his own interest than to the colony's, and hath some deeper purpose in his forbearance towards the savages who have been so long suffered to lay waste our borders, than appears,—unless this trader hath hit upon the truth.'

'This is bold language, Colonel Bacon,' said one of the gentlemen, 'to deliver in the hearing of a member of Sir William Berkley's council.'

'Sir William Berkley himself, shall hear a plainer speech than even this, Mr. Oglethorpe. I have come to Jamestowne to-night to ask of his Excellency a commission, that I may levy men and go against these Indian robbers.'

'This is a bold procedure, sir,' said the old counsellor, with surprise.

'The times require bold steps,' was the reply of the young man.

'If the Governor refuse to commission you?' asked one of the gentlemen, all of whom had now risen from their seats and were gathered round the young Virginian cavalier, actuated by various feelings, as hostility or friendship to Sir William Berkley influenced their views of this proposed step.

'I will in that case, on my own responsibility, raise a party of men who have got too much of the Briton in them to be slaves to any man's will, and go forth against them myself.'

'What greater cause have you than other men to take up arms, that you must do this even if you have to do it as a rebel?' asked the counsellor.

'Love for my ill-governed country, lest it be ruined by the misconduct of those in power. Besides,' he added in a low, deep tone of vengeance, 'did not all of you know my cousin and more than brother, Emery Warwick?'

'The noblest spirit in the province,' was the unanimous reply.

'Well, sirs, he died yesterday,' continued Bacon, calmly.

'Dead! how came it?'

'By the murderous tomahawk of the savage chief Cineca!' was the low, deep, and almost terrific reply.

'This must be looked to,' said the counselors after a moment's silent surprise.

'*It shall be looked to*, or Sir William Berkley's head shall answer it,' responded Bacon sternly; and strode from the apartment, leaving them full of wonder and apprehension of they knew not what impending evil.

PART II.

SCENE IN THE LIBRARY.

SIR William Berkley was seated in his library, the closely drawn window curtains of which could not shut out the vivid lightning of the storm that raged without, while occasional peals of thunder shook the dwelling to its foundation. 'Green Spring,' the seat of Sir William, was a handsome villa, constructed after the old fashioned Virginia style, with a broad hall running through the centre, spacious wings, and a light colonade or gallery, quite encompassing it. A wide lawn, dotted with oaks, separated it from James river, near which, about a third of a mile from the town, it stood. Here Sir William Berkley lived, in the style of a wealthy country gentleman, as well as Governor, though his hospitality was limited by a certain care for money, characteristic of him, that better became a King's factor, than a King's Governor, or his own high birth. He was a lover of mammon, and made his office rather the instrument for the acquisition of wealth than for the weal and prosperity of the colony. Aside from this failing, he was a well-bred gentleman, courteous, polite, and affable—for these are qualities that cost nothing, and most avaricious men are lavish enough of them so long as their purse strings are not invaded. One great source of his wealth was trading with the Indians, which his station enabled him to do to advantage, and to make a monopoly of the traffic. For two years past, the Indians had been exceedingly troublesome, and were constantly perpe-

trating atrocious murders along the frontier on the plea, sufficiently well-grounded, that the government was indebted to them for former services in war, in which several of their warriors had been sacrificed, and for which their widows had received no remuneration. Numerous petitions had been made to Sir William Berkley from the planters along the borders, either to satisfy the claim or send troops to protect them. Their applications were disregarded, and the savages became bolder, and at length so dangerous and formidable that all the planters and the inhabitants of the region, open to their inroads, fled from their homes to the towns, leaving their cattle and harvests a prey to their enemies. This was the crisis of affairs at the present time. But Governor Berkley was too wise, (to quote the language of the trader,) 'to shoot a bullet through a beaver skin,'—and so long as the Indians would send in their furs, he was indifferent how many of his colony were carried off and massacred.

There were two persons in the library with Sir William. One of them was a rough, weather-beaten sea-captain; who stood twirling his tarpaulin near the table where the Governor sat in ruff, velvet, and powdered wig. The other, who stood opposite the sailor, was an Indian chief of the highest rank, judging from the war-eagle's feather that graced the coronet of scarlet plumes he wore.

'How many skins, Cineca, have you bro't down in your canoes, said you?' asked the Governor, who was in the attitude of writing, with a gold pencil in his fingers.

'Five canoes—thousand skins in each canoe,' answered the Indian in good English.

'And what am I to give you for them?'

'One keg powder,, one keg whiskey, twelve guns and one hundred pounds lead, with pipes and tobacco for five warriors.'

'This will never do, Chief! 'tis too much, too much, Cineca!'

'Brother get the skins very cheap,' answered the Indian.

'Too much—too much,' repeated Sir William, 'I will give you but ten guns. and fifty pounds of lead, with pipes and tobacco for thyself.'

'Cineca must have what he said,' replied the Indian firmly.

'You are growing too sharp, Cineca. Two years ago I bought twice as many of you at a fifth of the price.

'Cineca was a child then—he is now a man—brother will pay.

'Well, be it so—but see that you use not these guns against my people,' said Sir William with a smile. 'I hear sad accounts from your warriors. Set them to catching beavers, and they will have little time to molest our borderers. I shall have to send troops against you, and then there will be an end of your thriving beaver trade.'

'Warriors love better to hunt men than beaver. If we fight we no hunt; a scalp is worth a hundred beaver skins,' answered the savage Chief with a kindling eye.

'Go to, Chief! Let me hear no more of these murders on the frontier! To-morrow, deliver your skins to my factor and you shall receive your pay. Now, Captain,' he said, turning to the sailor after the Indian left the apartment, 'I must have these skins packed and aboard by Thursday night, which will complete the tale of your rich freight, and you can sail on Friday morning.'

'On Friday, Sir William?'

'Surely—why do you show such consternation?'

'It is an unlucky day, Sir William. I would not put to sea on Friday, if I expected to have luck on the passage.'

'You are a fool. Then drive work, and sail Thursday night: they shall not lay by a day for no man's superstition. The markets by last accounts were high, and I would have dispatch. If the voyage end prosperously, 't will make me eight thousand pounds richer than at its beginning. Well, Edward, what now?' he demanded of a servant who entered.

'A gentleman desires to see your Excellency.'

'His name? He must have business pressing, to venture abroad in this storm.'

'He gave none—but that he was a Virginian.'

'This smacks. These haughty Virginians, I verily believe, do look upon themselves as better men than born Britons. Bid him come

in. You may go, Captain, and see that the rising sun of Friday shines on your canvass ten leagues a-sea.'

The captain took his leave as the servant ushered in the new visitant.

'Ha, Colonel Bacon! you are welcome!—Come upon the old subject, I doubt not,' said the Governor petulantly.

'If your Excellency by this phraseology means the subject of our border grievances, permit me to say it is a *new* subject. Would to God we could say it was an old one! But each day's deeds seem to keep it fresh, and I have hither come from my plantation to see if by your aid this grievance may not be abated and so made old to those who would hereafter speak of it.'

'There is no cause for this array of petitions with which I am hourly besieged. What bloody deeds the Indians have committed, they have been provoked to by men who would push their possession into their hunting grounds.'

'I am not here, your Excellency, to discuss a question which you have heard handled in all its bearings. I am here to pray you to give us present aid, that our homes may not be made desolate.'

'I have but a few household troops, and our military have little relish for fighting with savages. I question if I could raise five hundred men in all the counties to carry on war with these barbarians.'

'I do not ask you to raise a single man, Sir William. If you will commission me to raise what men I may, and leave me to carry on this barbaric war, you shall hear no more of petitions,' said Bacon, with animation.

'Commission you, Nathaniel Bacon?' repeated the Governor, starting with surprise.

'I said so, your Excellency,' answered Bacon, quietly.

'Never, by heaven! You would soon be general-in-chief, and fore God! I should have to look out for my own safety and authority. No, no! I had enough of your fiery and ambitious spirit when you were last year a member of the Assembly. You were then like to have o'ertopped all other gentlemen! By the round head of Noll Cromwell! but

this is a singular proposition for you to make to me, sir?

'Will you commission me, Sir William?' asked Bacon, when he had ended, unmoved by his violent language.

'Commission you! If you want a commission, go to the devil for it.'

The young Virginian struck his sword hilt, as if he would have unsheathed it at this insulting retort, but recollecting himself, said calmly:

'Nay I will not draw my sword save for my country, you have both refused to give men and to commission me. Now mark, sir! Commission or no commission, I do from this hour give myself to this service.'

Thus speaking, he left the library, and the house of the Governor, and returned to the inn, where ordering his horse, he galloped off, dark and stormy as it was, and departed from the town.

PART III.

SCENE IN THE ASSEMBLY.

NOT a week elapsed after the interview between these two gentleman, ere the rumor reached Jamestowne that Colonel Bacon had put himself at the head of one hundred mounted men, mostly of estate, and marched against the Indians, over whom he had gained a most signal victory. The assembly was in session at the time, with the Governor presiding, and the report was received by this body with incredulity. But a few hours afterwards it was confirmed by a special messenger to the Governor, who was none other than Cineca himself, who with his life had barely escaped from the slaughter of his warriors. The matter was instantly laid before the Assembly, which was composed nearly equally of those who sided with the governor in condemning it. The latter faction, instead of appeasing Sir William's anger, devised means to increase it, by framing specious pretences, which they grounded on the audacity of Bacon's conduct, and the hold he had already got upon the popular affection.

Indeed, many of these gentlemen on their own part began to have Bacon's suddenly displayed merits in mistrust, and to look upon him as a rival that would endanger their own personal consideration.

Though he was a very young man, they saw plainly that he was master of those talents which win popular favor and confidence, to which he united great wisdom and discretion. 'By which embellishments,' says a contemporary, 'they thought if hee should bee suffered to continue at the head of a growing army, they, instead of being seniors, might become juniors, while their younger brother, (Col. Bacon,) through the nimbleness of his witt, might steal away that blessing which they accounted their own birthright; and also Sir William thought this rash proceeding of Bacon, if it did not undoe himselfe by his failing in the enterprize, might chance to undoe him in the affections of the people; which to prevent, he thought it conducible to his intress and establishment to proclaim him a *rebell*.'

Accordingly, before the Assembly adjourned for that day, Nathaniel Bacon was proclaimed a rebel, and forces were raised to reduce him to his duty. Scarcely had the proclamation been published, ere intelligence reached Jamestowne that Bacon's force had increased to seven hundred men, that his army had constituted him General, that a second victory over the Indians had brought them to terms of peace for the time, and ended the war. The news was received with demonstrations of joy by the people generally, but filled the Governor and the enemies of Bacon with jealous alarm. Sir William Berkley believed, or affected to believe, that his next step would be to march against himself, and he immediately called upon his 'Train Band,' and all true men of the province, to arm in defence of their country against so dangerous an insurgent. Such intentions, however, as the Governor saw fit to attribute to the young leader, had never entered Colonel Bacon's mind. His only object in taking up arms was to free his country from a ruthless foe, which, growing confident in the supineness and inaction of the government, threatened to inude the whole

land with blood. 'He was a man of quality and merit, brave and eloquent, and became much endeared to the people, not so much for what he had yet done, as for what they expected he would do to deserve their devotion,' says an old writer of that day; 'while with no common zeale they sent up their reiterated prayers, first to himselfe, and next to Heaven, that he may become their guardian angele to protect them against the Indians, now that the Governor cared not whether they were slain or noe.' Thus in a few days had this young man ingratiated himself into the affections of the people, and become indeed, should he see fit to use his power, a formidable rival to the jealous Governor.

Bacon having dispersed the Indians, returned to his own country and dismissed his forces, with orders to be ready to obey his call at any moment. He here learned with scornful indignation that the Governor had proclaimed him both a rebel and traitor. The county had recently chosen a burgess for the Assembly, who, from some accidental circumstance, was detained from joining his colleagues up to the time of General Bacon's return; and it was now apparent that he would be unable to attend the Assembly during the present session. It was necessary that a substitute should be appointed, and the young insurgent chief was unanimously chosen to fill the station. He gladly accepted the nomination, for he wished once more, now that he had done good service against the common enemy, to see Sir William Berkeley, and be commissioned by him, as well as to have the proclamation that had outlawed him, revoked. He therefore, immediately on being elected burgess, embarked in a sloop with thirty of his friends and adherents, and sailed down James river, (on the banks of which, near the head waters, his plantation was situated,) towards the provincial capital. It was night when he arrived and anchored off the town. The Assembly were yet sitting, by the light of their lamps which shone through the windows of the state house, pencilling long lines of light upon the limpid stream. Trusting to the privileges of his official character as an elected burgess, without reflecting that as an outlaw his

election was illegal, the young chief determined to go on shore at once and take his seat in the Assembly. He jumped into a boat, and attended only by Major Larence and another friend, pulled to the land. The night was clear and starry, and the town they were approaching, seemed to sleep, all was so still. Lights burning here and there in a chamber window, and the occasional howl of a dog from the dark mass of houses, alone gave signs that they were near the congregated abodes of men. As they touched the shore where a few water oaks bent over the stream, they heard the distant sound of the drum and fife, and then followed the varied roll of the *tattoo*, rising and falling on the wind, telling them that the town was garrisoned and alert.

'Berkley has taken care of himself,' said Major Larence, after listening an instant to these martial sounds. 'You had best follow his example.'

'I fear nothing for myself, Larence. Return to the sloop, and let me go alone to the council chamber. Nay, it is best that I should do so. If I bring friends along with me, it will look like suspicion.'

After a few words of expostulation on the part of Major Larence, he consented to remain where he was by the boat, that he might be ready to succor his friend if his frank confidence should bring him into peril.

When Col. Bacon reached the state house, he was surprized to see a guard of soldiers drawn up around it. Without hesitation he advanced to the entrance of the hall, and demanded admittance into the Assembly.

'It were as much as my commission is worth, sir, to admit you,' said the captain recognizing him in evident alarm, 'are you alone?'

'Alone!'

'Then pass—but I would rather, for your own safety, sir, you should retire,' he said in a low tone.

'What have I to fear, captain?'

'The Governor's jealousy, and the rival enmity of your colleagues?'

'I will meet it. Let me pass in!'

The guard stood aside, and the bold young leader opened the door, and strode into the

hall of the Assembly. Without stopping, he walked up to the forum, just in front of which was the chair for the burgess of his county, and without a word, and in the face of the whole body, quietly took his seat. The surprise his appearance and conduct excited, having a little subsided, the Governor was the first to speak.

‘How is this, sir traitor! we are bearded in our very Assembly! What doest thou here, arch rebel?’

‘Represent my constituents,’ answered Bacon, firmly, and with a smile of proud contempt on his fine dark face. He then rose and laid upon the table his credentials, which the Governor examined with the closest scrutiny.

‘These are in form, sir, but they do not apply to a traitor. No banned man is eligible to any office of dignity or trust. Gentlemen, this outlaw, Nathaniel Bacon, hath had the audacity to permit himself to be chosen burgess of his county, after proclamation of treason against him, and now demands his seat with as honest a front, as if he were a true man. Will you receive him among your number?’

‘Ay, ay—no, no!’ for several moments filled the hall from conflicting voices, when the Governor, to put an end to it, cried out,

‘Ho, sergeant! command Captain Wilfred to march in a file of men and take his prisoner.’

‘Ha, this treachery!’ exclaimed Bacon, half drawing his sword.

‘Treachery!’ repeated Sir William, with a smile of triumph, ‘seize the traitor!’ he cried, as the soldiers entered, and marched up to the spot where he stood.

‘I will not resist your Excellency,’ said Bacon, giving up his sword to the captain of the guard, ‘lest it should look like guilt. I yield myself your prisoner, and leave the adjudgment of my case to my country.’

The Assembly broke up in confusion, and Bacon was led to the prison, where, before midnight, the Governor sent his thirty friends to join him, putting them in irons, having by stratagem captured the sloop as it lay off the town, on learning that it was the vessel that had brought Bacon down the river.

PART IV.

THE TRIAL FOR TREASON.

THE next day Bacon and his adherents were brought ironed into the presence of the Governor and council, who constituted a tribunal for the trial of the offence with which he was charged. The state house was filled with people, and the excitement was so great throughout the town, not only among the citizens, but the members of the Assembly and strangers, that the Governor was forced to place a strong guard in and about the council chamber. His soldiers, however, had caught the enthusiasm which the young insurgent’s brilliant actions had created in the minds of all, and were as likely to go over to Bacon’s party, as adhere to the Governor. Sir William Berkley was penetrating enough to see this; and policy dictated to him a mild course, lest by severity he should rouse the indignation of the people and thwart his own ends.

After the usual preliminaries in cases of trial for treason were gone through, Col. Bacon abruptly rose and thus spoke in his defence:

‘I stand here, gentlemen, manacled like a condemned felon, charged with high treason! I ask whether as a man, wholly devoted to his king and country, who has adventured his life and fortune, ay, and his honor too, to punish enemies in arms against his king and country, be a traitor? I ask if a man who never plotted, contrived, or endeavored the destruction, detriment, or wrong of any of His Majesty’s subjects, their lives, fortunes or estates, deserves the name of *rebel* and traitor. If this be treachery, then am I a traitor! If this be rebellion, then am I a rebel! But ’till patriotism be proven to be treason, devotion to the king disloyalty, and love of country rebellion, I stand before God an honest man and a faithful subject! Behold my conduct in the affair for which I am here in chains. Be-

hold that of my brave soldiers! I call upon the whole country to witness against me or them, if they can! There be some men in authority, who, from weakness of intellect, cannot distinguish between patriotism and rebellion: or, who have such vicious natures themselves, that they can see no good in others!

‘I have not sought wealth by trickery! I have not sought honor by sycophancy! I have not been blinded by the glitter of gold! I have not been a sponge to suck up the public treasure! The colony has become a mart, and rulers, forgetting their stations, have become peddlars and brokers! What arts have been promoted in the colony? what sciences, what school of learning, or manufactories have been established and nourished in authority? Barter and trade, pounds and pennies are the God here worshipped.

‘Such being the universal degeneracy, it becomes those men who had remained honest, to look after the country’s good. I justify my campaign against the Indians. It is true I have incurred the displeasure of Sir William Berkley, by declaring war against his friends, and, doubtless, beaver-skins will be less abundant in town, for a time. It is well known to all who hear me, that I have done Sir William great wrong, and am viewed in his eyes rather as a robber who hath taken from his purse, than as a traitor, false to his allegiance. But a traitor is easily said—while to prove a man a robber for slaying a few scores of savages, who have long infested the frontier, were a more difficult thing. We all know his Excellency’s friendship for his tanny friends, and that to our disgrace and shame, he hath, in this very court, refused to admit a Virginian’s oath against an Indian, when that Indian’s bare word was accepted against a Virginian. I do but mention these things, my friends to refresh your memories. I would also hint to Sir William, who listens with commendable patience, that it is not in his power to dispose of his favorite beaver trade to his own profit, it being a monopoly of the crown. But this he must settle with his Majesty. The powder, shot, and fire-arms he hath given to the Indians, contrary to the laws of the colony, hath made him a

buyer and seller of the blood of his own brethren and countrymen—this he must settle with his own conscience. But, gentlemen, I have done! I have but reviewed the Governor’s course in contrast with my own. You will see who best deserves to be called—’

‘What?’ demanded the Governor, fiercely.

‘*Traitor!*’ continued Bacon, in a firm tone.

‘Seize and drag him to execution.’

‘Sir Governor, you have no power to do this thing,’ said Bacon, fearlessly; ‘I appeal to the King and parliament, where justice and wisdom yet dwell, and where mine and the people’s cause will be impartially heard and wisely adjudged.’

This speech of the insurgent leader had an electric effect upon the audience of the people, and he had no sooner ended, than shouts of applause, mingled with epithets of opprobrium against the Governor, filled the hall, and were re-echoed from the green without. Sir William Berkley was the while burning with indignant mortification, for the words and ironical manner of the prisoner had cut him sorely. He would at once have had him led forth and shot, but that he feared the multitude, whose temper was not to be trifled with. He also feared the result of the appeal to the King, and trembled to have the gangrene of his own character laid open to the assembled parliament by so sharp a knife as the tongue of the insurgent leader. After consulting a few moments with his counsel on the bench, he turned to the prisoner, and said in a tone of assumed blandness—

‘Nathaniel Bacon, I do graciously forgive your harsh language of myself, and by the advice of my counsel, offer you pardon for your offences, on condition of your waiting patiently until I can raise forces for your command. I also acquit from, and pardon all misdemeanors of your friends now at the bar, restoring you, furthermore, and confirming to you your seat in the assembly.’

Bacon fixed his penetrating glance upon the Governor while he was speaking, and smiled as if he understood the motive that influenced his conduct, which he was satisfied was fear of losing his popularity of the colonists, and so of being re-called from his profitable governorship.

'I promise,' answered Bacon, 'if the commission *you* promise be given to me within fourteen days. Your red friends on the borders, Sir William, are by no means wholly quieted, and the men you propose to raise may soon be wanted in the field.'

'You shall have the commission, Colonel Bacon, and I trust, henceforward, all differences between us will end.'

Thus spoke the wily Governor, who, by commissioning Bacon under himself, in the regular colonial forces of his own levying, hoped to destroy that extraordinary popularity which, as an independent leader of a chivalrous volunteer army, he was so rapidly acquiring. By this master-stroke he felt confident he should effectually destroy the rival power that threatened his own ruin. It was done at a great sacrifice of personal feeling—for the deepest enmity rankled in his breast against him. He then rose, and taking Colonel Bacon by the hand, (after first ordering his manacles to be unlocked) and placed him in his seat among the members of the assembly. The multitude, by this unexpected termination of the scene, sent up a shout as loud as that which had before burst from them. Sir William Berkley, courteously smiling and bowing at this testimony of their approbation, then dismissed the court, and putting his arm in that of Colonel Bacon, left the hall, followed by his counsel and the members of the assembly.

PART V.

OCCUPATION OF THE TOWN BY INSURGENTS.

THE news of the arrest of Bacon and his adherents had flown like wildfire from Jamestown to the interior, and before night, a hundred of his friends, mounted and armed, were in the town, who, finding him restored to favor, and his adherents to liberty, returned

home satisfied, and with better feelings towards the governor. Sir William Berkley took advantage of this favorable state of the public mind, and seeing all was once more quiet, issued private warrants to take him again, he having gone to his plantation. At the same time he sent to levy the militia of one of the counties which, situated on the opposite side of the bay, had not been inoculated with Bacon's 'treason,' and would, doubtless, readily obey his orders, so that, holding the balance of power in his own hands, he might withstand any attempts of Bacon's adherents to rescue him, (should he arrest him) or avert the course of his vengeance.

Bacon, however, was far from being the dupe of the Governor's duplicity. He anticipated these very steps, and had no sooner reached his own county, than he despatched secret orders to his captains and other officers, to be in readiness for action. At the end of the fourteenth day, he sent a messenger to Jamestown for his commission. Sir William Berkley replied that it was ready for him, and the troops already levied, and would be in Jamestown the third day, thereafter to the number of one thousand men.

'There shall be a thousand men there before them, you little suspect, Sir William,' said Bacon, with a smile, when the messenger returned him this answer, for he had heard of the private warrant, and now determined to act.

The same evening he was riding towards Jamestown with nine hundred mounted men at his back. The Governor had rumor of his approach, and in great alarm sent to the well-disposed districts, on both sides of the James River, for forces to defend the town, upon which he was now assured Bacon was determined to make an attack.

Expresses came hourly of the enemy's approach, and at two o'clock the ensuing day, the insurgents, (now, for the first time, really such,) entered the town without being withstood, and formed a body upon the green, 'not a flight shot from the end of the State House, of horse and foot, as regular drawn up in battle array as veteran troopers, and possessing themselves forthwith of all avenues,

disarming all in towne, and coming thither both in boats and by the land.'

In half an hour after this, the drum beat for the Assembly to meet, and soon after, the rebel chief came with a file of fusileers, to the outer porch of the council chamber, when the Governor and council went forth to meet him. The scene that followed, is best described in the words of an eye-witness, who was a member of the assembly, and a partizan of the Governor.

'We saw, from the windowe, the Governor open his breast when he saw Bacon advancing upon him with such hostile bearings. The rebell captain walked between his two files of soldiers, with a fierce aspect and haughtier front, and seemingly in great ire and displeasure at the Governor. We did momentarily expect he would bid his men fall upon Sir William, and we of the assembly expected the same immediate fate. I step'd down to the out-door, and among the crowd, found the seamen of my plantatiō sloop, who, in great fear, prayed me not to stir from them. I then saw the Governor, who was was looking very pale, for he had not two hundred soldiers in the town to stick by him, walk towards his private apartment; a coits' cast distant from the other end of the State House, the gentlemen of the council following him. After him walked Colonel Bacon, commanding his soldiers cock their pieces if any would escape, clapping his hand on his sword menacingly. The fusileers, with their fusils cocked, presented them at the window of the assembly-chamber, filled with faces of the members, and repeated in savage voices, 'We will have it! we will have it!'

'What will you have?' asked one from the window.

'The commission!' answered they.

'You shall have it! you shall have it!' repeated the gentleman, three or four times, shaking his white handkerchief out at the windowe.

At these words they unbent the locks of their fusils, and stood still until Bacon, coming back, (for he had entered the private room with the Governor,) they followed to the main body.

'In this hubbub, a servant of mine got so

nigh as to hear the Governor's words, when he opened his breast, and also what Mr. Bacon said. Said the Gov'nor—

'Here! shoot me! 'fore God, fair mark! shoot!' After rehearsing the same without any other words, whereto Mr. Bacon replied,

'No—may it please yo'r excellence—we will not hurt a hair of yo'r head, nor any other gentleman present. We are come for a commission to save our lives and estates from the Indians. This you promised, and have deceived me, and, moreover, have tried to have me arrested, meanwhile, that you might get me into your hands. We want you to fulfil your promise, and we do assure you we will have the commission before we goe.

'And afterwards I heard it was said, Bacon ordered his fusileers, when they were aiming at the windows full of faces, that if he should draw his sword, they were, on sight of it, to fire and slay us, gazing out of the window, saying, 'I'll put to death, Gov'nor, council, assemble, and all, but that I'll have the commission!' So near was the massacre of us all that very ninit, had he drawn his sword before the pacific handkercher was shaken out at the window.'

The insurgent leader, on quitting the private apartment of the Governor, where he left him with his council, entered the assembly alone, leaving his guard at the entrance, and haughtily demanded a commission to be then and there given him. The speaker remained silent, when one of Bacon's friends rose up and said with courtesy:

'We would most willingly do this, Colonel Bacon, but you must be aware that to grant it, is not in our province or power, nor of any other, save the King's vicegerent, our Governor.'

At length the Governor and council came in, and promised that if he would withdraw his troops, he should, the next day, receive a commission as general of the forces which he now illegally commanded. To this, after some discussion, he consented, desiring, if possible, to avert bloodshed, by bringing his troops in collision with the Governor's Gloster militia, which would arrive the next day—his object being to obtain peaceably, if he

could, forcibly, if he must, legal authority to raise men in defence of the frontier. Through all his conduct, he had shown a degree of moderation that proved that he was actuated only by love for his country, and that so far, he had little deserved the stigma which was attached to his name.

PART VI

THE CONCLUSION.

THE next day Bacon, he, having withdrawn his army a league from the town, despatched a messenger to receive the commission of general that had been promised to him. During the absence of this individual, rumor came that the Indians, taking advantage of the intestine civil broils between the Governor's and Bacon's factions, had penetrated within forty miles of the capital, with a large force, burning and slaying wherever they came. He immediately placed his men in order of march, and on horseback, surrounded by his chief officers, waited the return of his messenger. He at length appeared, and said that he was commanded by the Governor to say that the commission could be given only to Colonel Bacon in person, and that if he delayed longer than the third day thereafter, to come and receive it, it would be clearly taken for granted that he did not truly desire it, and only had demanded it to cover his own rebellious designs.

This reply fired Bacon with indignation; but he knew too well the character of the Governor to be surprized at it. His first impulse was to march into the town, and chastize the Governor who had sent such a message, and the assembly that had ratified it. But his love for his country overcame his personal feelings, and without hesitation, he gave the command to march forthwith against the Indians.

He had been on his march but a few hours, when the Governor's troops, to the number of twelve hundred men, arrived in the town, and encamped on the green so lately occupied by the insurgent forces. He immediately ordered them to be in readiness to pursue Bacon, whom he now a second time proclaimed a rebel, and on pain of forfeiture of estate and imprisonment, aid him in suppressing the rebellion.

At this time arose a murmur of dissatisfaction among the troops, already favoring Bacon's proceedings; and answering that they came 'to fight Indians, and not Virginians,' they re-embarked in three boats and vessels and to a man returned across the bay to their homes.

Bacon, in the meanwhile, a third time drove the Indians back to their forests, and added laurels to the bright wreath he had already won. He now heard of the Governor's defeated intentions of pursuing him as a rebel, and in his indignation, he resolved to get possession, until he should obtain from him not only a commission, but redress for the many and bitter grievances that, under his administration, afflicted the colony.

He immediately marched towards Jamestown, taking on his way as prisoners, all whom he suspected would molest him in his war against the Indians, yet giving liberty to such as pledged themselves by an oath, framed by himself, to return home and live in quiet.

One of these persons taken was suspected to be a spy, having offered himself to Bacon as a deserter from the Governor's guard.—He called a council of war, fairly tried him, and proved that he had thrice gone between his enemy and Jamestown, on private service for the Governor. The proof was clear; yet Bacon, unwilling to shed the first blood in the quarrel, declared openly to him, in the hearing of the whole line, 'that if one man in the army would speak a word to save him, he should not suffer death.' No one interceded for him, and he was shot. This clemency of the insurgent leader greatly increased his popularity, and added numbers, hitherto neutral, to the force he commanded.

Sir William Berkley, on hearing of Ba-

con's approach, tried to gather a force to withstand him.

But the popularity of the opposite cause was greater than that of the loyal party, and he could not muster more than three hundred men to stand by him in the defence—a third of whom were members of the Assembly, and private gentlemen personally disaffected towards Bacon.

With these, however, the Governor determined to make resistance, and threw up a breast work across the narrow peninsula, which joined the town to the main land.—This he protected by four pieces of cannon planted a hundred rods in the rear; and taking up his position with more resolution and courage than it was supposed his bartering and avaricious spirit had left in him, he waited the advance of the insurgents.

The same afternoon, Bacon arrived in sight of the works, and taking a closer view of them, did not see fit to attack the position, but went to work and threw up an embankment beyond musket shot of and twice the height of the barrier, so that in the morning the Governor found that his position was commanded by that of his enemy. He elevated his cannon, and was about to open a fire upon this work, when to his surprise, he saw several ladies appear upon his enemy's ramparts, whose husbands were with him in his own party. This produced surprise and consternation on his side, and the firing was instantly withheld.* As they stood uncertain how to act, they found their defences suddenly attacked, and in a moment carried, while they, for fear of slaying the ladies on the ramparts, were unable to return a single shot. This singular step on the part of the insurgent leader was taken doubtless to prevent unnecessary blood-shed, in which he was partially successful. The Governor finding his works carried and the enemy in the town, resisted them a few minutes, and then, with

the loss of several men, precipitately fled to his vessels, and crossing the bay left the town in the hands of the rebels.

The quarrel had now taken the aspect of a civil war, and Bacon felt that he had gone too far to retract. He now resolved to take the government into his own hands, send out a true representation of the whole affair to His Majesty, and throw himself upon the King's clemency. He was herein a rebel, but not a traitor. To any other man than Sir William Berkley, appointed by the King, he was ready to resign his authority and yield up his power. To him he determined never again to pay allegiance.

Up to this period, the impartial historian will perhaps justify the conduct of Nathaniel Bacon. He was now, however, under the excitement of conquests, and about to commit an act, but for which his name might have come down to us as that of a patriot leader of the loftiest virtue and courage. It is difficult to tell why Colonel Bacon should have burned Jamestown. That he thought its destruction necessary to his safety is probable. But whatever may have been his motive for this flagrant act, it stands recorded against him as a crime of the deepest dye, and is the main point on which hangs his reputation as a lawless rebel. Before night, the whole fair 'towne' was in a heap of ashes—church and state house, hotel and private dwelling—not a roof remained to tell where in the morning stood the capital of Virginia.

The next day he marched out of the town, and prepared to take up a strong position not far above on the James River, having some unknown design in contemplation, when he was suddenly seized with illness while on horseback, and died three days afterward—it is said from the effects of poison rubbed upon his saddle by the Indian Cineca.

This event at once put an end to the rebellion, which bid fair, measured by the awakening ambition of its head, to separate Virginia from Great Britain.* Those gentlemen who could save themselves by instant flight instantly did so. Many of the insurgent offi-

* "He fetches into his defences," says a writer, "all the prime men's wives, whose husbands were with the Governor, having captured them at their country houses. (as Coll. Bacone's lady, Mdm. Bray, Mdm's. Page, Ballard, and others,) which the next morning he presents to the view of their husbands and friends in town upon the top of the wall work he had cast up in the night, where he caused them to tarry 'till his purpose, in picking up such pickets of white aprons was effected."

* It is a coincidence worthy of remark, that this rebellion in Virginia took place precisely one hundred years before that of the thirteen colonies.

whom was
and executed, and
tates were confiscated.

It was a season of triumph as well as profit to Sir William Berkley who soon made himself opulent on the rebel soils. He soon after went to England, it was rumored by command of the king, leaving Colonel Jeffries in his place as governor of the province. It is well known that Charles, hearing of his arrival in London, said of him, with the characteristic freedom with which he was wont to speak of his public officers:

'That old fool has hanged more men in that naked country than I have done for the murder of my father!'

The Governor, hearing of this, became so mortified with grief and vexation, that he

after, without seeing Him
that property escheating to the crown

Thus terminated the famous 'Bacon's rebellion, and the lives of the principal actors therein.' If the private documents from which the facts in this brief outline are taken, speak the truth, the name of Col. Bacon will be rescued from the infamy which has adhered to it, for a century and a half; the stigma of corruption, cruelty and treachery, will be fixed on the administration by which he was condemned; and one more case will be added to those which prove that insurrections proceed oftener from the misconduct of those in power, than from the factious and turbulent temper of the people.

THE END.

